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WORKS

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THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

VOL. I.

A O I' I'

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W O R K S

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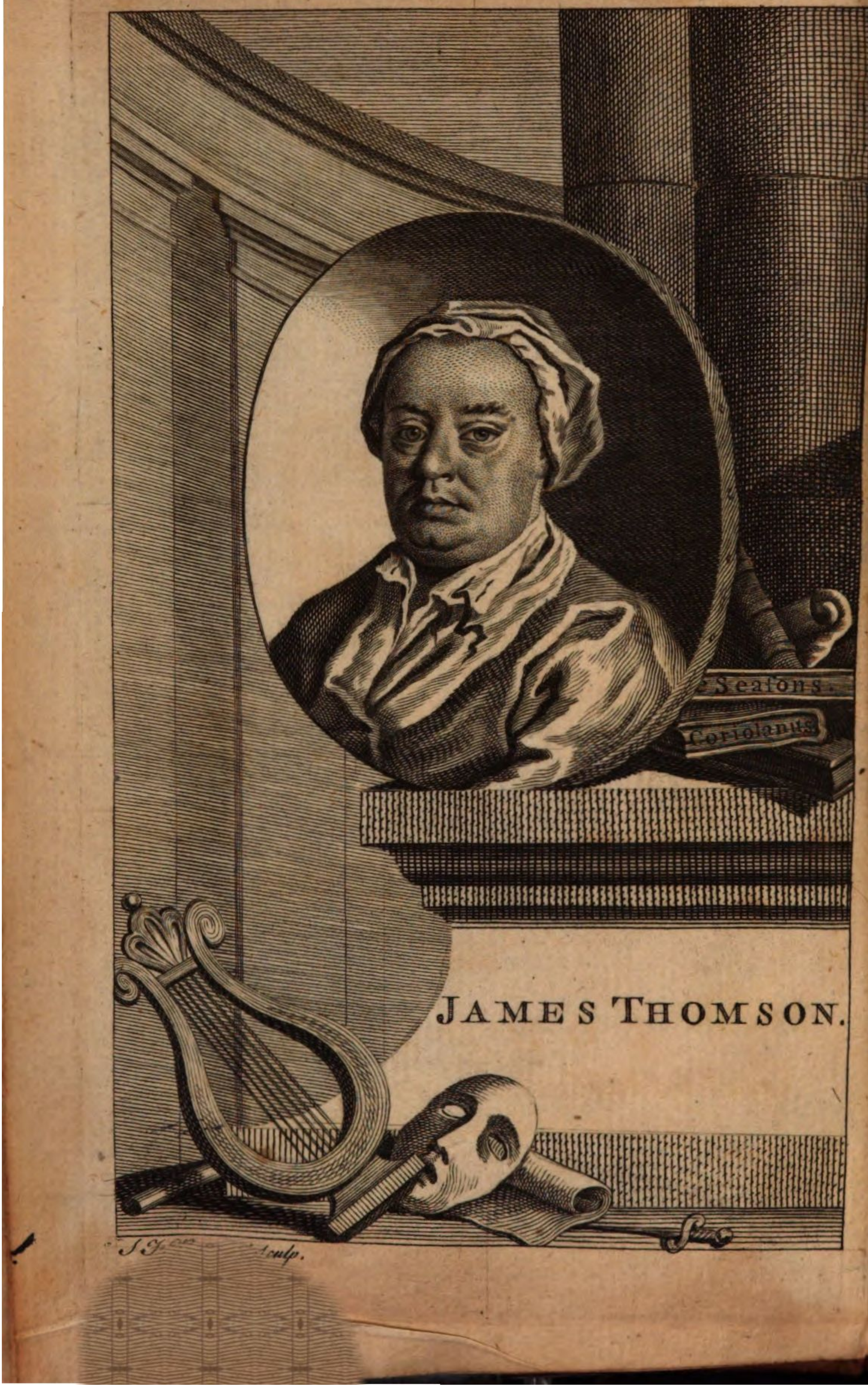
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Coriolanus
JAMES THOMSON.

THE

WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,

THE SEASONS.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, oppoſite to *Katherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*. MDCCL.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

THIS COMPLETE AND CORRECT

EDITION OF ALL THE WORKS

OF THE LATE

MR. THOMSON,

AGREEABLY TO HIS INTENTION

WHEN LIVING,

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

LORD

PREFACE.

THIS edition of Mr. THOMSON's *works was designed by him, and must be considered by the reader, as a collection of such of his works as he thought worth preserving, corrected and amended. If therefore any detached poems of his have appeared in other collections, or are to be found in manuscript in private hands, they are such as his judgment rejected; and the publication of them in any future edition of his works, or otherwise, would be contrary to his will, and prejudicial to his memory.*

It is hoped, that all his writings will appear much more advantageously in their present form, (many redundancies being pruned away, and many faults of diction corrected) than they did in their first publication.

PREFACE.

H. Kent inv. et del. *P. Fourdrinier Sculp.*

SPRING.

SPRING.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. *The Season is described as it affects the various Parts of Nature, ascending from the Lower to the Higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the Subject. Its Influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular Passion of Love, opposed to That of a pure and happy Kind.*

SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring, Ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the Boſom of yon dropping Cloud,
While Muſic wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
Of ſhadowing Roſes, on our Plains deſcend.

O Hartford, fitted, or to ſhine in Courts
With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain
With Innocence and Meditation join'd
In ſoft Aſſemblage, liſten to my Song,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee.

And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blaſts:
His Blaſts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
The ſhatter'd Foreſt, and the ravag'd Vale;
While ſofter Gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind Touch,
Diſſolving Snows in liv:d Torrents loſt,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at Eve reſumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets
Deform the Day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulpht,
To ſhake the ſounding Marſh; or from the Shore
The Plovers when to ſcatter o'er the Heath,
And ſing their wild Notes to the liſtening Waſte.

AT laſt from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive Atmoſphere is cramp'd with Cold;
But, full of Life and vivifying Soul,
Lifts the light Clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-ſurrounding Heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid Airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding Earth, the moving Softneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient Huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty Steers
Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow
Lies in the Furrow, looſen'd from the Froſt.
There, unrefuſing to the harneſs'd Yoke,
They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple Song and ſoaring Lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the ſhining Share,

The

The Maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing Clay,
Winds the whole Work, and ſidelong lays the Glebe.

WHITE, thro the neighbouring Fields the Sower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd Step; and, liberal, throws the Grain
Into the faithful Boſom of the Ground.
The Harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the Scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious Man
Has done his Part. Ye foſtering Breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening Dews, ye tender Showers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
Into the perfect Year! Nor, ye, who live
In Luxury and Eaſe, in Pomp and Pride,
Think theſe loſt Themes unworthy of your Ear:
Such Themes as theſe the *rural* MARO ſung
To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full Height
Of Elegance and Taſte, by *Greece* refin'd.
In antient Times, the ſacred Plow employ'd
The Kings, and awful Fathers of Mankind:
And Some, with whom compar'd, your Inſect-Tribes
Are but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
Have held the Scale of Empire, rul'd the Storm
Of mighty War; then, with victorious Hand,
Diſdaining little Delicacies, ſeiz'd
The Plow, and greatly independant ſcorn'd
All the vile Stores Corruption can beſtow.

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the Plow!
And o'er your Hills, and long withdrawing Vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his Treaſures to the Sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded! As the Sea,
Far thro his azure turbulent Domain,
Your Empire owns, and from a thouſand Shores
Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports;
So with ſuperior Boon may your rich Soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better Bleſſings pour
O'er every Land, the naked Nations cloath,
And be th' exhauſtleſs Granary of a World!

NOR only thro the lenient Air this Change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat
Of Vegetation, ſets the ſteaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,
In various Hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal Robe!
United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells
With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight.

FROM the moiſt Meadow to the wither'd Hill,
Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,

Till the whole leafy Foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full Luxuriance, to the ſighing Gales;
Where the Deer ruſtle thro the twining Brake,
And the Birds ſing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the Colours of the fluſhing Year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
With laviſh Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit
Lies yet a little Embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon Folds. Now from the Town
Buried in Smoke, and Sleep, and noiſom Damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,
Where Freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling Drops
From the bent Buſh, as thro the verdant Maze
Of Sweet-briar Hedges I purſue my Walk;
Or taſte the Smell of Dairy; or aſcend
Some Eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy Plains,
And ſee the Country, far-diffus'd around,
One boundleſs Bluſh, one white-empurpled Shower
Of mingled Bloſſoms; where the raptur'd Eye
Hurries from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
The fair Profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.

IF, bruſh'd from *Ruſſian* Wilds, a cutting Gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid Wings
The clammy Mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely Froſt; before whoſe baleful Blaſt
The full-blown Spring thro all her Foliage ſhrinks,

Joyleſs, and dead, a wide-dejected Waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on Myriads, Inſect-Armies waft
Keen in the poiſon'd Breeze; and waſteful eat,
Thro Buds and Bark, into the blacken'd Core,
Their eager Way. A feeble Race! yet oft
The ſacred Sons of Vengeance! on whoſe Courſe
Corroſive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
To check this Plague the ſkilful Farmer Chaff,
And blazing Straw, before his Orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in Smoke, the latent Foe
From every Cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the Blooms the pungent Duſt
Of Pepper, fatal to the froſty Tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd Leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled Water drowns them in their Neſt:
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy Bill,
The little trooping Birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, Swains; theſe cruel-ſeeming Winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repreſs'd,
Thoſe deepening Clouds on Clouds, ſurcharg'd with Rain;
That o'er the vaſt *Atlantic* hither borne,
In endleſs Train, would quench the Summer-Blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripen'd Year.

The North-Eaſt ſpends his Rage, and now, ſhut up
Within his iron Caves, th' effuſive South

Warms

Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven
Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distent.
At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining Ether; but by fast Degrees,
In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour sails
Along the loaded Sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' Horizon round a settled Gloom.
Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every Hope and every Joy,
The Wish of Nature. Gradual, sinks the Breeze,
Into a perfect Calm; that not a Breath
Is heard to quiver thro the closing Woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
Of Aspin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
In glassy Breadth, seem thro delusive Lapse
Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense,
The plumy People streak their Wings with Oil,
To throw the lucid Moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching Sign to strike, at once,
Into the general Choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
And Forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,
And looking lively Gratitude. At last,

The Clouds conſign their Treaſures to the Fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled Pool
Preluſive Drops, let all their Moiſture flow,
In large Effuſion o'er the freſhen'd World.
The ſtealing Shower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro the Foreſt-Walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
But who can hold the Shade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal Bounty, ſhedding Herbs,
And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their Growth;
And, while the milky Nutriment diſtills,
Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

THUS all day long the full-diſtended Clouds
Indulge their genial Stores, and well-ſhower'd Earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
Till, in the weſtern Sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the Fluſh
Of broken Clouds, gay-ſhifting to his Beam.
The rapid Radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro the Foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable Plain,
In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the Landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the Woods; their every Muſick wakes,
Mix'd in wild Concert with the warbling Brooks

Increas'd,

Increas'd, the diſtant Bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow Lows reſponſive from the Vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd Zephyr ſprings.
Meantime refracted from yon eaſtern Cloud,
Beſtriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every Hue unfolds,
In fair Proportion running from the Red,
To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
Here, awful NEWTON, the diſſolving Clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy ſhowery Priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed Eye unfold
The various Twine of Light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling Maze. Not ſo the Swain,
He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
To catch the falling Glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive Arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still Night ſucceeds,
A ſoften'd Shade, and ſaturated Earth
Awaits the Morning-Beam, to give to Light,
Rais'd thro ten thouſand different Plaſtic Tubes,
The balmy Treaſures of the former Day.

THEN ſpring the living Herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
Of Botaniſt to number up their Tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely Dale,
In ſilent Search; or thro the Foreſt, rank

With

With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,
Burſts his blind Way; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.
With ſuch a liberal Hand has Nature flung
Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing Mold,
The moiſtening Current, and prolifick Rain.

But who their Virtues can declare? Who pierce
With Viſion pure, into theſe ſecret Stores
Of Health, and Life, and Joy? The Food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told
A Length of golden Years, unfleſh'd in Blood,
A Stranger to the ſavage Arts of Life,
Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Diſeaſe,
The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

The firſt freſh Dawn then wak'd the gladden'd Race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The Sluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred Beam.
For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.
Meantime the Song went round; and Dance and Sport
Wiſdom and friendly Talk, ſucceſſive ſtole
Their Hours away. While in the roſy Vale
Love breath'd his infant Sighs, from Anguiſh free,

And

And full replete with Bliſs; ſave the ſweet Pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious Act, nor ſurly Deed,
Was known among theſe happy Sons of HEAVEN;
For Reaſon and Benevolence were Law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,
And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt Rays, and ſtill the gracious Clouds
Drop'd Fatneſs down; as, o'er the ſwelling Mead,
The Herds and Flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
The glaring Lion ſaw, his horrid Heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his ſullen Joy.
For Muſic held the whole in perfect Peace:
Soft ſigh'd the Flute; the tender Voice was heard,
Warbling the vary'd Heart; the Woodlands round
Apply'd their Quire; and Winds and Waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe Prime of Days.

BUT now thoſe white unblemiſh'd Minutes, whence
The fabling Poets took their golden Age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron Times,
Theſe Dregs of Life! Now the diſtemper'd Mind
Has loſt that Concord of harmonious Powers,
Which forms the Soul of Happineſs; and all
Is off the Poiſe within: the Paſſions all
Have burſt their Bounds; and Reaſon half extinct,

Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul Diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive Anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into fell Revenge.
Baſe Envy withers at another's Joy,
And hates that Excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding Fear, of feeble Fancies full,
Weak, and unmanly, looſens every Power.
Even Love itſelf is Bitterneſs of Soul,
A penſive Anguiſh pining at the Heart:
Or, ſunk to ſordid Intereſt, feels no more
That noble Wiſh, that never-cloy'd Deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh Joy diſdaining, ſeeks, alone,
To bleſs the dearer Object of its Flame.
Hope ſickens with Extravagance; and Grief,
Of Life impatient, into Madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead Silence waſtes the weeping Hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mix'd Emotions more,
From ever-changing Views of Good and Ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the Mind
With endleſs Storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial Thought, a liſtleſs Unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good;
Then dark Diſguſt, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.
At laſt, extinct each ſocial Feeling, fell
And joyleſs Inhumanity pervades,

And

And petrifies the Heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

HENCE, in old dusky Time, a Deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting Orb, that arch'd
The central Waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal Burst, into the Gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd Hills of fractur'd Earth
Wide-dash'd the Waves, in Undulation vast;
Till, from the Center to the streaming Clouds,
A shoreless Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

THE Seasons since have, with severer Sway,
Oppress'd a broken World: the Winter keen
Shook forth his Waste of Snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential Heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the Year; and Fruits and Blossoms blush'd,
In social Sweetness, on the self-same Bough.
Pure was the temperate Air; an even Calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue Expanse: for then nor Storms
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the Waters; no sulphureous Glooms
Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth;
While sickly Damps, and cold autumnal Fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the Springs of Life.
But now, of turbid Elements the Sport,
From Clear to Cloudy tost, from Hot to Cold,

And

And Dry to Moiſt, with inward-eating Change,
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to Nought,
Their Period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholeſome Herb neglected dies;
Tho with the pure exhilarating Soul
Of Nutriment and Health, and vital Powers,
Beyond the Search of Art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot Ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the Lion of the Plain,
And worſe. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,
Nor wore her warming Fleece: nor has the Steer,
At whoſe ſtrong Cheſt the deadly Tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With Hunger ſtung, and wild Neceſſity,
Nor lodges Pity in their ſhaggy Breaſt.
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,
With every kind Emotion in his Heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap
She pours ten thouſand Delicacies, Herbs,
And Fruits, as numerous as the Drops of Rain
Or Beams that gave them Birth: ſhall he, fair Form!
Who wears ſweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,
And dip his Tongue in Gore? The Beaſt of Prey,
Blood-ſtain'd deſerves to bleed: but you, ye Flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful People, What,

To

To merit Death? You, who have given us Milk
In luſcious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
Againſt the Winter's Cold? And the plain Ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs Animal,
In What has he offended? He, whoſe Toil,
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the Land
With all the Pomp of Harveſt; ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel Hands
Even of the Clowns he feeds? And That perhaps,
To ſwell the Riot of th' autumnal Feaſt,
Won by his Labour? This the feeling Heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late Age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the Numbers of the *Samian* Sage.
High HEAVEN forbids the bold preſumptuous Strain,
Whoſe wiſeſt Will has fix'd us in a State
That muſt not yet to pure Perfection riſe.
Beſides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher Life,
From Stage to Stage, the *Vital Scale aſcends?*

NOW when the firſt foul Torrent of the Brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd Stream
Deſcends the billowy Foam: now is the Time,
While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,
To tempt the Trout. The well-diſſembled Fly,
The Rod fine-tapering with elaſtic Spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,

And

And all thy ſlender watry Stores prepare.
But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing Folds;
Which, by rapacious Hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining Wretch,
Harſh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand.

WHEN, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun
Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race,
Then, iſſuing chearful, to thy Sport repair;
Chief ſhould the Weſtern Breezes curling play,
And light o'er Ether bear the ſhadowy Clouds.
High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,
And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks;
The Next, purſue their rocky-channel'd Maze,
Down to the River, in whoſe ample Wave
Their little Naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious Point, where with the Pool
Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils
Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,
Reverted, plays in undulating Flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive Fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful Curve,
With Eye attentive mark the ſpringing Game.
Strait as above the Surface of the Flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by Hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook:

Some

Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy Bank,
And to the ſhelving Shore, ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various Hand proportion'd to their Force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs Prey ſcarce bends your pliant Rod,
Him, piteous of his Youth, and the ſhort Space
He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the Stream
The ſpeckled Infant throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots
Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt Art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the Fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled Water ſpeaks his jealous Fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded Sun
Paſſes a Cloud, he deſperate takes the Death,
With ſullen Plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line;
Then ſeeks the fartheſt Ooze, the ſheltering Weed,
The cavern'd Bank, his old ſecure Abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool,
Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious Courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the Stream, exhauſt his idle Rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs Side,
And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting Prize.

THUS pass the temperate Hours: but when the Sun
Shakes from his Noon-day Throne the scattering Clouds,
Even shooting listless Languor thro the Deeps;
Then seek the Bank where flowering Elders croud,
Where scatter'd wild the Lily of the Vale
Its balmy Essence breathes, where Cowslips hang
The dewy Head, where purple Violets lurk,
With all the lowly Children of the Shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading Ash,
Hung o'er the Steep; whence, borne on liquid Wing,
The sounding Culver shoots; or where the Hawk,
High, in the beetling Cliff, his Airy builds.
There let the Classic Page thy Fancy lead
Thro rural Scenes; such as the *Mantuan* Swain
Paints in the matchless Harmony of Song.
Or catch thy self the Landskip, gliding swift
Athwart Imagination's vivid Eye:
Or by the vocal Woods and Waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely Musing, in a Dream,
Confus'd, of careless Solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering Images of Things,
Soothe every Gust of Passion into Peace,
All but the Swellings of the soften'd Heart,
That waken, not disturb the tranquil Mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing Prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her Beauty forth. But who can paint

Like

Like Nature? Can Imagination boaft,
Amid its gay Creation, Hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing Taſk;
Ah what ſhall Language do? Ah where find Words
Ting'd with ſo many Colours; and whoſe Power,
To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays
With that fine Oil, thoſe aromatic Gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?

YET tho ſucceſsleſs, will the Toil delight.
Come then, ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whoſe Hearts
Have felt the Raptures of refining Love;
And thou, AMANDA, come, Pride of my Song!
Form'd by the Graces, Lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt Eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe Looks demure, that deeply pierce the Soul;
Where with the Light of thoughtful Reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively Fancy and the feeling Heart:
Oh come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The Morning-Dews, and gather in their Prime
Freſh-blooming Flowers, to grace thy braided Hair,
And thy lov'd Boſom that improves their Sweets.

SEE, where the winding Vale its laviſh Stores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the Lily drinks

The latent Rill, ſcarce oozing thro the Graſs,
Of Growth luxuriant; or the humid Bank,
In fair Profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
Of bloſſom'd Beams. *Arabia* cannot boaſt
A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro the Senſe, and takes the raviſh'd Soul.
Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy Foot,
Full of freſh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic *Art*, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded Beauty to the roving Eye.
Here their delicious Taſk the fervent Bees,
In ſwarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
Thro the ſoft Air, the buſy Nations fly,
Cling to the Bud, and, with inſerted Tube,
Suck its pure Eſſence, its ethereal Soul.
And off, with bolder Wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple Heath, or where the Wild-thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious Spoil.

At length the finiſh'd Garden to the View
Its Viſtas opens, and its Alleys green.
Snatch'd thro the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery Walk
Of Covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of Day
Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted ſweeps;
Now meets the bending Sky, the River now

Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,
The Foreſt darkening round, the glittering Spire,
Th' etherial Mountain, and the diſtant Main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at Hand,
Along theſe bluſhing Borders, bright with Dew,
And in yon mingled Wilderneſs of Flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every Grace:
Throws out the Snow-drop, and the Crocus firſt;
The Daiſy, Primroſe, Violet darkly blue,
And Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes;
The yellow Wall-Flower, ſtain'd with iron Brown;
And laviſh Stock that ſcents the Garden round.
From the ſoft Wing of vernal Breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; Auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining Meal o'er all their velvet Leaves;
And full Renunculas, of glowing Red.
Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
Her idle Freaks: from Family diffus'd
To Family, as flies the Father Duſt,
The varied Colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd Eye, th' exulting Floriſt marks,
With ſecret Pride the Wonders of his Hand.
No gradual Bloom is wanting; from the Bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky Tribes;
Nor Hyacinths, of pureſt virgin White,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor Jonquils,
Of potent Fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled Fountain hanging ſtill;

Nor broad Carnations; nor gay-ſpotted Pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every Buſh, the Damaſk-roſe.
Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,
With Hues on Hues Expreſſion cannot paint,
The Breath of Nature, and her endleſs Bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEINGS! UNIVERSAL SOUL
Of Heaven and Earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
To THEE I bend the Knee; to THEE my Thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a Maſter-hand,
Haſt the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.
By THEE the various vegetative Tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
Draw the live Ether, and imbibe the Dew.
By THEE diſpos'd into congenial Soils,
Stands each attractive Plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy Tide; a twining Maſs of Tubes.
At THY Command the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root
By wintry Winds, that now in fluent Dance,
And lively Fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd Scene of things.

As riſing from the vegetable World
My Theme aſcends, with equal Wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the Woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt Trim.
Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running Soul of Melody

Into

Into my varied Verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt Note the hollow Cuckoo ſings,
The Symphony of Spring, and touch a Theme
Unknown to Fame, *the Paſſion of the Groves.*

When firſt the Soul of Love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro the vital Air, and on the Heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay Troops begin,
In gallant Thought, to plume the painted Wing;
And try again the long-forgotten Strain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft Infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their Joy o'erflows
In Muſick unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the Lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the Meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copſe
Deep-tangled, Tree irregular, and Buſh
Bending with dewy Moiſture, o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thruſh
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind contending Throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt Length
Of Notes; when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in Thought
Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
The Black-bird whiſtles from the thorny Brake;

The mellow Bullfinch anſwers from the Grove:
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to Theſe
Innumerous Songſters, in the freſhening Shade
Of new-ſprung Leaves, their Modulations mix
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And each harſh Pipe diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full Concert: while the Stock-dove breathes
A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates their Melody, and all
This Waſte of Muſic is the Voice of Love;
That even to Birds, and Beaſts, the tender Arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive Love
Can dictate, and in Courtſhip to their Mates
Pour forth their little Souls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant Awe, in airy Rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand Tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted Glance
Of their regardleſs Charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt Approvance to beſtow,
Their Colours burniſh, and by Hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted Wing,
And ſhiver every Feather with Deſire.

CONNUBIAL Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods
They haſte away, all as their Fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or Food, or ſecret Safety prompts;
That NATURE's *great Command* may be obey'd,
Nor all the ſweet Senſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the Thicket ſome;
Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn
Commit their feeble Offspring. The cleft Tree
Offers its kind Concealment to a Few,
Their Food its Inſects, and its Moſs their Neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy Dale,
Or roughening Waſte, their humble Texture weave.
But moſt in woodland Solitudes delight,
In unfrequented Glooms, or ſhaggy Banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
Whoſe Murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long Day,
When by kind Duty fix'd. Among the Roots
Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
They frame the firſt Foundation of their Domes;
Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Fabrick laid,
And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs Hurry thro the buſy Air,
Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow ſweeps
The ſlimy Pool, to build his hanging Houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs Back
Of Herds and Flocks, a thouſand tugging Fills

Pluck Hair and Wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the Barn a Straw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

As thus the patient Dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender Taſk,
Or by ſharp Hunger, or by ſmooth Delight,
Tho the whole looſen'd Spring around Her blows,
Her ſympathizing Lover takes his Stand
High on th' opponent Bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious Time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty Meal. Th' appointed Time
With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect Life,
Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,
A helpleſs Family, demanding Food
With conſtant Clamour. O what Paſſions then,
What melting Sentiments of kindly Care,
On the new Parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious Morſel to their Young,
Which equally diſtributed, again
The Search begins. Even ſo a gentle Pair,
By Fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous Mold,
And charm'd with Cares beyond the vulgar Breaſt,
In ſome lone Cott amid the diſtant Woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,

Oft

Oft, as they weeping eye their infant Train,
Check their own Appetites and give them all.

Nor Toil alone they ſcorn: exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant Courage to the *fearful* Race,
And to the *ſimple* Art. With ſtealthy Wing,
Should ſome rude Foot their woody Haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring Buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling School-Boy. Hence, around the Head
Of wandering Swain, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her ſounding Flight, and then directly on
In long Excurſion ſkims the level Lawn,
To tempt him from her Neſt. The Wild-Duck, hence,
O'er the rough Moſs, and o'er the trackleſs Waſte
The Heath-Hen flutters, (pious Fraud!) to lead
The hot purſuing Spaniel far aſtray.

Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her Brothers of the Grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage
From Liberty confin'd, and boundleſs Air.
Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening Luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly Wildneſs in their Notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the Beech.
Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,

Spare the ſoft Tribes, this barbarous Art forbear!
If on your Boſom Innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or Piety perſuade.

But let not chief the Nightingale lament
Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh Confinement of the Cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded Bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Mother finds a vacant Neſt,
By the hard Hand of unrelenting Clowns
Robb'd, to the Ground the vain Proviſion falls;
Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the Mourner to the poplar Shade;
Where, all abandon'd to Deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her Sorrows thro the Night; and, on the Bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying Fall
Takes up again her lamentable Strain
Of winding Woe; till wide around the Woods
Sigh to her Song, and with her Wail reſound.

But now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their Wings,
Demand the free Poſſeſſion of the Sky.
This one glad Office more, and then diſſolves
Parental Love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh *Wiſdom* never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome Evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but Balm is breathing thro the Woods,

With

With yellow Luſtre bright, that the new Tribes
Viſit the ſpacious Heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's Common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their Range, and Paſture. O'er the Boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy Verge
Their Reſolution fails; their Pinions ſtill,
In looſe Libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the Void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging Air receives
The plumy Burden; and their ſelf-taught Wings
Winnow the waving Element. On Ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening Flight;
Till vaniſh'd every Fear, and every Power
Rouz'd into Life and Action, light in Air
Th' acquitted Parents ſee their ſoaring Race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,
Hung o'er the Deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * *Kilda*'s Shore, whoſe lonely Race
Reſign the ſetting Sun to *Indian* Worlds,
The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,
Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal Fire.
Now fit to raiſe a Kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his Fort, the towering Seat,

* *The fartheſt of the Weſtern Iſlands of* Scotland.

For Ages, of his Empire; which, in Peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a League to ſea
He wings his Courſe, and preys in diſtant Iſles.

SHOULD I my Steps turn to the rural Seat,
Whoſe lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,
Invite the Rook, who high amid the Boughs,
In early Spring, his airy City builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various Polity ſurvey
Of the mixt Houſhold-Kind. The careful Hen
Calls all her chirping Family around,
Fed, and defended by the fearleſs Cock,
Whoſe Breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
The finely-checker'd Duck, before her Train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing Swan
Gives out his ſnowy Plumage to the Gale;
And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his Oſier-Iſle,
Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,
And ſwims in radiant Majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

While thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade
Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World
Of Brutes, below, ruſh furious into Flame,
And fierce Deſire. Thro all his luſty Veins
The Bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging Paſſion feels.
Of Paſture ſick, and negligent of Food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow Broom,
While o'er his ample Sides the rambling Sprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro the mazy Wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing Bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs Senſe.
And oft, in jealous madning Fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the Fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing War begins;
Their Eyes flaſh Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,
Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,
And groaning deep th' impetuous Battle mix:
While the fair Heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
With this hot Impulſe ſeiz'd in every Nerve,
Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the ſounding Thong;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his Head,
And by the well-known Joy to diſtant Plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial Summit takes

Th' exciting Gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
Even where the Madneſs of the ſtraiten'd Stream
Turns in black Eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantick Heart and Sinews ſwell.

Nor undelighted, by the boundleſs Spring,
Are the broad Monſters of the foaming Deep:
From the deep Ooze and gelid Cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
Dire were the Strain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind:
How by this Flame their native Wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the Fury of their Heart,
The far-reſounding Waſte in fiercer Bands,
And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
Where ſits the Shepherd on the graſſy Turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending Sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating Flock,
Of various Cadence; and his ſportive Lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee,
Their Frolicks play. And now the ſprightly Race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the Signal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy Mound
That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once
Of iron War, in ancient barbarous Times,

When

When diſunited BRITAIN ever bled,
Loſt in eternal Broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble State,
Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden Head;
And, o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
Impartial, watch, the Wonder of a World!

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye Curious, ſay,
That, in a powerful Language, felt not heard,
Inſtructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breaſt
Theſe Arts of Love diffuſes? What, but GOD?
Inſpiring GOD! who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the Whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*, and yet *alone*
Seems not to work; with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous Scheme of Things.
But, tho conceal'd, to every purer Eye
Th' informing Author in his Works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft Scenes,
The SMILING GOD is ſeen; while Water, Earth,
And Air atteſt his Bounty; which exalts
The Brute-Creation to this finer Thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning Hearts
Profuſely thus in Tenderneſs and Joy.

STILL let my Song a nobler Note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive Force of Spring on Man;

When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his Being, and ſerene his Soul.
Can he forbear to join the general Smile
Of Nature? Can fierce Paſſions vex his Breaſt,
While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove
Is Melody? Hence! from the bounteous Walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's Woe,
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous Minds, in whoſe wide Thought,
Of all his Works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns,
With warmeſt Beam; and on your open Front,
And liberal Eye, ſits, from his dark Retreat,
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can reſtleſs Goodneſs wait; your active Search
Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working HEAVEN, ſurprizing oft
The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.
For you the roving Spirit of the Wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teaming Clouds
Deſcend in gladſome Plenty o'er the World;
And the Sun ſheds his kindeſt Rays for you,
Ye Flower of human Race!—In theſe green Days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid Head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole Creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliſs
Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Power of Kings

To purehaſe. Pure Serenity apace
Induces Thought, and Contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the Boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To Rapture, and enthuſiaſtic Heat,
We feel the preſent DEITY, and taſte
The Joy of GOD to ſee a happy World!

THESE are the Sacred Feelings of thy Heart,
Thy Heart inform'd by Reaſon's purer Ray,
O LYTTELTON, the Friend! thy Paſſions thus
And Meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, thro HAGLEY-PARK you ſtray,
Thy *Britiſh Tempe!* There along the Dale,
With Woods o'er-hung, and ſhag'd with moſſy Rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing Waters play,
And down the rough Caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd Viſta thro' the Trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the Shade
Of ſolemn Oaks, that tuft the ſwelling Mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs Hand,
And penſive liſten to the various Voice
Of rural Peace: the Herds, the Flocks, the Birds,
The hollow-whiſpering Breeze, the Plaint of Rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted Roots
Which creep around, their dewy Murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd Ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander thro the Philoſophic World;

Where

Where in bright Train continual Wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious Eye.
And oft, conducted by Hiſtoric Truth,
You tread the long Extent of backward Time:
Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind,
And honeſt Zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage,
BRITANNIA's Weal; how from the venal Gulph
To raiſe her Virtue, and her Arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy View, theſe graver Thoughts
The Muſes charm: while, with ſure Taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring Breath of antient Song;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA ſhares thy Walk,
With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love;
And all the Tumult of a guilty World,
Toſt by ungenerous Paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender Heart is animated Peace;
And as it pours its copious Treaſures forth,
In vary'd Converſe, ſoftening every Theme,
You, frequent-pauſing, turn, and from her Eyes,
Where meeken'd Senſe, and amiable Grace,
And lively Sweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs Spirit of etherial Joy,
Inimitable Happineſs! which Love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd Few*.
Meantime you gain the Height, from whoſe fair Brow
The burſting Proſpect ſpreads immenſe around;

And

And ſnatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,
And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between,
And Villages emboſom'd ſoft in Trees,
And ſpiry Towns by ſurging Columns mark'd
Of houſhold Smoak, your Eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the *Hall*, in whoſe kind Haunt
The *Hoſpitable Genius* lingers ſtill,
To Where the broken Landſkip, by Degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid Hills;
O'er which the *Cambrian* Mountains, like far Clouds
That ſkirt the blue Horizon, duſky, riſe.

FLUSH'D by the Spirit of the genial Year,
Now from the Virgin's Cheek a freſher Bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live Carnation round;
Her Lips bluſh deeper Sweets; ſhe breathes of Youth;
The ſhining Moiſture ſwells into her Eyes,
In brighter Flow; her wiſhing Boſom heaves,
With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults ſeize
Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.
From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away,
Full of the dear exſtatic Power, and ſick
With ſighing Languiſhment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding Hearts:
Dare not th' infectious Sigh; the pleading Look,
Down-caſt, and low, in meek Submiſſion dreſt,
But full of Guile. Let not the fervent Tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with Adulation ſmooth,

Gain on your purpos'd Will. Nor in the Bower,
Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roſes ſhed a Couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon Curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft Minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aſpiring Youth beware of Love,
Of the ſmooth Glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his Heart the Torrent-Softneſs pours.
Then Wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading Fame
Diſſolves in Air away; while the fond Soul,
Wrapt in gay Viſions of unreal Bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive Form; the kindling Grace;
Th' inticing Smile; the modeſt-ſeeming Eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous Beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs Cunning, Cruelty, and Death:
And ſtill, falſe-warbling in his cheated Ear,
Her ſyren Voice, enchanting, draws him on,
To guileful Shores, and Meads of fatal Joy.

Even preſent, in the very Lap of Love
Inglorious laid; while Muſick flows around,
Perfumes, and Oils, and Wine, and wanton Hours;
Amid the Roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky Creſt: a quick-returning Pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious Heart; where Honour ſtill,
And great Deſign, againſt th' oppreſſive Load
Of Luxury, by Fits, impatient heave.

BUT abſent, what fantaſtic Woes, arrous'd,
Rage in each Thought, by reſtleſs Muſing fed,
Chill the warm Cheek, and blaſt the Bloom of Life?
Neglected Fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into Ruin, fall his ſcorn'd Affairs.
'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
Loſes his Light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright Arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky Vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every Thought,
Fills every Senſe, and pants in every Vein.
Books are but formal Dulneſs, tedious Friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial Band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From the Tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd Period falls: while borne away,
On ſwelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flies
To the vain Boſom of his diſtant Fair;
And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,
And love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender Trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering Shades, and ſympathetic Glooms;
Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro the penſive Duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling Meditation loſt,
Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank

Thrown,

Thrown, amid drooping Lilies, ſwells the Breeze
With Sighs unceaſing, and the Brook with Tears.
Thus in ſoft Anguiſh he conſumes the Day,
Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro the Chambers of the fleecy Eaſt,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her Train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling Languiſh of her Beam,
With ſoften'd Soul, and wooes the Bird of Eve
To mingle Woes with his: or while the World
And all the Sons of Care lie huſh'd in Sleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight Shadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely Taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd Heart into the Page,
Meant for the moving Meſſenger of Love;
Where Rapture burns on Rapture, every Line
With riſing Frenzy fir'd. But if on Bed
Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies.
All Night he toſſes, nor the balmy Power
In any Poſture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale Luſtre on the paler Wretch,
Exanimate by Love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to Reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted Dreams,
That o'er the ſick Imagination riſe,
And in black Colours paint the mimick Scene.
Oft with th' Enchantreſs of his Soul he talks;
Sometimes in Crouds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd

To

To secret-winding flower-enwoven Bowers,
Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless Cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious Love,
Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,
Thro Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths
With Desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In Night and Tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending Precipice; or wades
The turbid Stream below, and strives to reach
The farther Shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended Arms his Aid implores,
But strives in vain; borne by th' outragious Flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.
These are the charming Agonies of Love,
Whose Misery delights. But thro the Heart
Should Jealousy its Venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
But Agony unmix'd, incessant Gall,
Corroding every Thought, and blasting all
Love's Paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then,
Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewel! Ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging Plague
Internal Vision taints, and in a Night
Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.
Ah then instead of love-enliven'd Cheeks,

Of ſunny Features, and of ardent Eyes
With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire,
A clouded Aſpect, and a burning Cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd Soul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thouſand Fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic Views
Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms
For which he melts in Fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent Anguiſh, and conſuming Rage.
In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,
Deceitful Pride, and Reſolution frail,
Giving falſe Peace a Moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh, her Beauties on his buſy Thought,
Her firſt Endearments, twining round the Soul,
With all the Witchcraft of enſnaring Love.
Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew,
Flames thro the Nerves, and boils along the Veins:
While anxious Doubt diſtracts the tortur'd Heart;
For even the ſad Aſſurance of his Fears
Were Peace to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
Thro flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life
Of fever'd Rapture, or of cruel Care;
His brighteſt Aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively Moments running down to waſte.

But happy they! the happieſt of their Kind!
Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate
Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer Tie of human Laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
That binds their Peace, but Harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their Paſſions into Love;
Where Friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt Power,
Perfect Eſteem enliven'd by Deſire
Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul;
Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
With boundleſs Confidence: for nought but Love
Can anſwer Love, and render Bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid Parents buys
The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
Well-merited, conſume his Nights and Days:
Let barbarous Nations, whoſe inhuman Love
Is wild Deſire, fierce as the Suns they feel;
Let Eaſtern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven
Seclude their Boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated Form:
While Thoſe whom Love cements in holy Faith,
And equal Tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining Fear. What is the World to them,
Its Pomp, its Pleaſure, and its Nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair

High Fancy forms, and laviſh Hearts can wiſh;
Something than Beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodneſs, Honour, Harmony, and Love,
The richeſt Bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Mean-time a ſmiling Offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,
The human Bloſſom blows; and every Day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new Charm,
The Father's Luſtre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind Hand of an aſſiduous Care.
Delightful Taſk! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh Inſtruction o'er the Mind,
To breathe th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix
The generous Purpoſe in the glowing Breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the Joy! ye, whom the ſudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your Eye but Sights of Bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the Heart:
An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendſhip, Books,
Eaſe and alternate Labour, uſeful Life,
Progreſſive Virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
Theſe are the matchleſs Joys of virtuous Love;
And thus their Moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring World they roll,

Still

Still find them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy Garland on their Heads:
Till Evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal Day of Life,
Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance ſwells
With many a Proof of recollected Love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial Sleep;
Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly
To Scenes where Love and Bliſs immortal reign.

W. Kent inv. et del.

P. Fourdrinier Sculp.

SUMMER.

SUMMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. DODINGTON. *An introductory Reflection on the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies; whence the Succeſſion of the Seaſons. As the Face of Nature in this Seaſon is almoſt uniform, the Progreſs of the Poem is a Deſcription of a Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Inſects deſcrib'd. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland Retreat. Groupe of Herds and Flocks. A ſolemn Grove. How it affects a contemplative Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a ſerene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the Proſpect of a rich well-cultivated Country; which introduces a Panegyric on* GREAT BRITAIN. *Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the Praiſe of Philoſophy.*

SUMMER.

FROM brightening Fields of Ether fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *Hours*,
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent Look, the turning SPRING
Averts her bluſhful face; and Earth, and Skies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haſte into the mid-wood Shade,
Where ſcarce a Sun-beam wanders thro' the Gloom;
And on the dark-green Graſs, beſide the Brink
Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak
Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
And ſing the Glories of the circling Year.

COME, *Inſpiration!* from thy Hermit-Seat,
By Mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious Eye, and raptur'd Glance

Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one Look
Creative of the Poet, every Power
Exalting to an Ecſtaſy of Soul.

And thou, my youthful Muſe's early Friend,
In whom the Human Graces all unite:
Pure Light of Mind, and Tenderneſs of Heart;
Genius, and Wiſdom; the gay ſocial Senſe,
By Decency chaſtis'd; Goodneſs and Wit,
In ſeldom-meeting Harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd Honour, and an active Zeal,
For Britain's Glory, Liberty, and Man:
O Dodington! attend my rural Song,
Stoop to my Theme, inſpirit every Line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt Applauſe.

With what an awful world-revolving Power,
Were firſt th' unwieldy Planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable Void! Thus to remain,
Amid the Flux of many thouſand Years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling Race of Men,
And all their labour'd Monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their Courſe;
To the kind-temper'd Change of Night and Day,
And of the Seaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th'all-perfect Hand,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady Whole.

When

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the ſolar Blaze,
Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled Eaſt:
Till far o'er Ether ſpreads the widening Glow;
And, from before the Luſtre of her Face,
White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step,
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny Proſpect wide.
The dripping Rock the Mountain's miſty Top
Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
Blue, thro the Duſk, the ſmoaking Currents ſhine;
And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
Limps, aukward: while along the Foreſt-glade
The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early Paſſenger. Muſick awakes,
The native Voice of undiſſembled Joy;
And thick around the woodland Hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the Cock, the ſoon-clad Shepherd leaves
His moſſy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taſte the Verdure of the Morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, ſpringing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent Hour,
To Meditation due, and ſacred Song?
For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wiſe?
To lie in dead Oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting Moments of too ſhort a Life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul;
Or elſe to feveriſh Vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing thro diſtemper'd Dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy State remain,
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming Pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious Morning-walk?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the Eaſt. The leſſening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks in boundleſs Majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining Day, that burniſh'd plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer Light!
Of all material Beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent Robe!
Without whoſe veſting Beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential Gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul

Soul of ſurrounding Worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive Force,
As with a Chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy Syſtem rolls entire: from the far Bourne
Of utmoſt *Saturn*, wheeling wide his Round
Of thirty Years; to *Mercury*, whoſe Diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by Philoſophic Eye,
Loſt in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.

Informer of the planetary Train!
Without whoſe quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs
Were brute unlovely Maſs, inert and dead,
And not as now the green Abodes of Life;
How many Forms of Being wait on thee!
Inhaling Spirit; from th' unfetter'd Mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily Race,
The mixing Myriads of thy ſetting Beam.

The vegetable World is alſo thine,
Parent of *Seaſons!* who the Pomp precede
That waits thy Throne, as thro thy vaſt Domain,
Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,
In World-rejoicing State, it moves ſublime.
Mean-time th' expecting Nations, circled gay
With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,
Implore thy Bounty, or ſend grateful up

A common Hymn: while, round thy beaming Car,
High-ſeen, the *Seaſons* lead, in ſprightly Dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd *Hours*,
The *Zephyrs* floating looſe, the timely *Rains*,
Of Bloom etherial the light-footed *Dews*,
And ſoften'd into Joy the ſurly *Storms*.
Theſe, in ſucceſſive Turn, with laviſh Hand,
Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits; till, kindling at thy Touch,
From Land to Land is fluſh'd the vernal Year.

Nor to the Surface of enliven'd Earth,
Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods,
Her liberal Treſſes, is thy Force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep,
The mineral Kinds confeſs thy mighty Power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his Tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the Day; the nobler Works of Peace
Hence bleſs Mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

Th'unfruitful Rock itſelf impregn'd by thee,
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy pureſt Rays,
Collected Light, compact; that poliſh'd bright,
And all its native Luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the Fair-one's Breaſt,

With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening Glow,
And with a waving Radiance inward flames.
From thee the Saphire, ſolid Ether, takes
Its Hue cerulean; and, of evening Tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming Amethyſt is thine.
With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern Gale,
Than the green Emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its Surface, form
A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand.

The very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
Aſſumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter Mazes, the relucent Stream
Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
Softens at thy return. The Deſart joys
Wildly, thro all his melancholy Bounds.
Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
Seen from ſome pointed Promontory's Top,
Far to the blue Horizon's utmoſt Verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Uſe,

Unequal

Unequal far, great delegated Source,
Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below!

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of HIM,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;
Whoſe ſingle Smile has, from the firſt of Time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe Lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro the boundleſs Sky:
But, ſhould he hide his Face, th' aſtoniſh'd Sun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd Stars, would looſening reel
Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faultering Tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! ſilent in thy Praiſe;
Thy Works themſelves would raiſe a general Voice,
Even in the Depth of ſolitary Woods,
By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
And to the Quire celeſtial THEE reſound,
Th' eternal Cauſe, Support, and End of all!

To me be Nature's Volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing Page,
Or, haply catching Inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy Paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole Delight; as thro the falling Glooms

Penſive

Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing Dawn
On Fancy's Eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid Air the high-rais'd Clouds,
And morning Fogs, that hover'd round the Hills
In party-colour'd Bands; till wide unveil'd
The Face of Nature ſhines, from where Earth ſeems,
Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a Bluſh of cluſtering Roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping *Coolneſs* to the Shade retires;
There, on the verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,
By gelid Founts and careleſs Rills to muſe:
While tyrant *Heat*, diſpreading thro' the Sky,
With rapid Sway, his burning Influence darts
On Man, and Beaſt, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

Who can unpitying ſee the flowery Race,
Shed by the Morn, their new-fluſh'd Bloom reſign,
Before the parching Beam? So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro their azure Veins.
But one, the lofty Follower of the Sun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow Leaves,
Drooping all Night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd Boſom to his Ray.

HOME, from his morning Taſk, the Swain retreats;
His Flock before him ſtepping to the Fold:
While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
The chearful Cottage, then expecting Food,
The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks
(That the calm Village in their verdant Arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight;
Where on the mingling Boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſhold Fowls convene;
And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
The Houſe-Dog, with the vacant Greyhound, lies,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his Slumbers one
Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy Summer-race
Live in her Lay, and flutter thro her Song,
Not mean tho ſimple: to the Sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating Fire.

WAK'D by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
Lighter, and full of Soul. From every Chink,
And ſecret Corner, where they ſlept away
The wintry Storms; or riſing from their Tombs,

To

To higher Life; by Myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd Hues
Their Beauty-beaming Parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand Forms! Ten thouſand different Tribes!
People the Blaze. To ſunny Waters ſome
By fatal Inſtinct fly; where on the Pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the Stream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed Trout,
Or darting Salmon. Thro the green-wood Glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the freſh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
The Meads their choice, and viſit every Flower,
And every latent Herb: for the ſweet Taſk,
To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft Beds, their Young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender Care. Some to the Houſe,
The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;
Sip round the Pail, or taſte the curdling Cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky Stream
They meet their Fate; or, weltering in the Bowl,
With powerleſs Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedleſs Flies the Window proves
A conſtant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled Heap
Of Carcaſſes, in eager Watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving Snares around.

Near

Near the dire Cell the dreadleſs Wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the Ruffian ſhows his Front,
The Prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line;
And, fixing in the Wretch his cruel Fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,
And ſhriller Sound declare extreme Diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable Hand.

RESOUNDS the living Surface of the Ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs Hum,
To him who muſes thro the Woods at Noon;
Or drowſy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade
Of Willows grey, cloſe-crouding o'er the Brook.

GRADUAL, from Theſe what numerous Kinds deſcend,
Evading even the microſcopic Eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with Life; one wondrous Maſs
Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen,
In putrid Steams, emits the living Cloud
Of Peſtilence. Thro ſubterranean Cells,
Where ſearching Sun-Beams ſcarce can find a Way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
Wants not its ſoft Inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding Citadel, the Stone

Holds

Holds Multitudes. But chief the Foreſt-Boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze,
The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
Of mellow Fruit, the nameleſs Nations feed
Of evaneſcent Inſects. Where the Pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating Verdure Millions ſtray.
Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the Taſte,
With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream
Of pureſt Cryſtal, nor the lucid Air,
Tho one tranſparent Vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen People. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind Art of forming HEAVEN, eſcape
The groſſer Eye of Man: for, if the Worlds
In Worlds inclos'd ſhould on his Senſes burſt,
From Cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night,
When Silence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtun'd with Noiſe.

LET no preſuming impious Railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable Ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His Works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt Part
Exceeds the narrow Viſion of her Mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,
On ſwelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!

A Critic-Fly, whoſe feeble Ray ſcarce ſpreads
An Inch around, with blind Preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole.
And lives the Man, whoſe univerſal Eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded Scheme of Things;
Mark'd their Dependance ſo, and firm Accord,
As with unfaultering Accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty Chain of Beings, leſſening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the Brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate Abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd Thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous Praiſe aſcend,
And Hymns of holy Wonder, to that POWER,
Whoſe Wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our Minds,
As on our ſmiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

THICK in yon Stream of Light, a thouſand Ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering Nations ſport; till, Tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the Face of Day.
Even ſo luxurious Men, unheeding, paſs
An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,
A Seaſon's Glitter! Thus they flutter on
From Toy to Toy, from Vanity to Vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the Book of Life.

Now

Now ſwarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead:
The ruſtic Youth, brown with meridian Toil,
Healthful, and ſtrong; full as the Summer-Roſe
Blown by prevailing Suns, the ruddy Maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the Sight, and all
Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.
Even ſtooping Age is here; and Infant-Hands
Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind Oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded Grain; all in a Row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field,
They ſpread the breathing Harveſt to the Sun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural Smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground,
And drive the duſky Wave along the Mead,
The ruſſet Hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from Dale to Dale,
Waking the Breeze, reſounds the blended Voice
Of happy Labour, Love, and ſocial Glee.

Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive Band,
They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook
Forms a deep Pool: this Bank abrupt and high,
And That fair-ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,
The Clamour much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,

Ere

Ere the ſoft fearful People to the Flood
Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing Wave,
And panting labour to the farther Shore.
Repeated This, till deep the well-waſh'd Fleece
Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
The Trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid Stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow
Slow-move the harmleſs Race: where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling Treaſures to the ſunny Ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous Tumult means, their loud Complaints
The Country fill; and, toſs'd from Rock to Rock,
Inceſſant Bleatings run around the Hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy White, the gather'd Flocks
Are in the wattled Pen innumerous preſs'd,
Head above Head; and, rang'd in luſty Rows,
The Shepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding Shears.
The Houſewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores,
With all her gay-dreſt Maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious Dignity inthron'd,
Shines o'er the Reſt, the paſtoral Queen, and rays
Her Smiles, ſweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King;
While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls
To feſtive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall.
Meantime, their joyous Talk goes on apace:

Some mingling ſtir the melted Tar, and Some,
Deep on the new-ſhorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
To ſtamp his Maſter's Cipher ready ſtand;
Others th' unwilling Wether drag along,
And, glorying in his Might, the ſturdy Boy
Holds by the twiſted Horns th' indignant Ram.
Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies!
What Softneſs in its melancholy Face,
What dumb complaining Innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual Care,
Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,
Will ſend you bounding to your Hills again.

A ſimple Scene! yet hence BRITANNIA ſees
Her ſolid Grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted Stores of every brighter Clime,
The Treaſures of the Sun without his Rage:
Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,
Wide glows her Land: her dreadful Thunder hence
Rides o'er the Waves ſublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er *Gallia*'s humbled Coaſt,
Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World.

'TIS

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays.
O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging Eye
Can ſweep, a dazling Deluge reigns; and all
From Pole to Pole is undiſtinguiſh'd Blaze.
In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
Stoops for Relief; thence hot aſcending Steams
And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the Root
Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields
And ſlippery Lawn an arid Hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful Sound
Of ſharpening Scythe: the Mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping Graſs-hopper is heard
Thro the dumb Mead. Diſtreſsful Nature pants.
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro th' unſhelter'd Glade, impatient, ſeem
To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

All-Conquering Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath!
And on my throbbing Temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent Flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the Head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.

Thrice

Thrice happy he! who on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic Mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting Streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the World without,
Unſatisfy'd, and ſick, toſſes in Noon.
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd Mind ſerene, and pure,
And every Paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the Steep!
Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
As to the hunted Hart the ſallying Spring,
Or Stream full-flowing, that his ſwelling Sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.
Cool, thro' the Nerves, your pleaſing Comfort glides;
The Heart beats glad; the freſh-expanded Eye
And Ear reſume their watch; the Sinews knit;
And Life ſhoots ſwift thro all the lighten'd Limbs.

Around th' adjoining Brook, that purls along
The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro a reedy Pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden Stream, and now

Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain;
A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compoſe,
Rural Confuſion! On the graſſy Bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the Flood, and often bending ſip
The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
The ſtrong laborious Ox, of honeſt Front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his Sides
The troublous Inſects laſhes with his Tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his Subjects ſafe,
Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careleſs Arm
Thrown round his Head, on downy Moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his Scrip, with wholeſome Viands fill'd:
There, liſtening every Noiſe, his watchful Dog.

LIGHT fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight
Of angry Gad-Flies faſten on the Herd;
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow Brook,
In ſearch of laviſh Stream. Toſſing the Foam,
They ſcorn the Keeper's Voice, and ſcowr the Plain,
Thro all the bright Severity of Noon;
While, from their labouring Breaſts, a hollow Moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

OFT in this Seaſon too the Horſe, provok'd,
While his big Sinews full of Spirits ſwell,
Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,
Springs the high Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,

Darts

Darts on the gloomy Flood, with ſtedfaſt Eye,
And Heart eſtrang'd to Fear: his nervous Cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!
Bears down th' oppoſing Stream: quenchleſs his Thirſt;
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;
And with wide Noſtrils, ſnorting, ſkims the Wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight Depth
Of yonder Grove, of wildeſt largeſt Growth:
That, forming high in Air a woodland Quire,
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and ſlow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening Gloom around.

THESE are the Haunts of Meditation, Theſe
The Scenes where antient Bards th' inſpiring Breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On gracious Errands bent: to ſave the Fall
Of Virtue ſtruggling on the Brink of Vice;
In waking Whiſpers, and repeated Dreams,
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul
For future Trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
His Muſe to better Themes; to ſooth the Pangs
Of dying Worth, and from the Patriot's Breaſt,
(Backward to mingle in deteſted War,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the Death;

And numberleſs ſuch Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK ſudden from the Boſom of the Sky,
A thouſand Shapes or glide athwart the Duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred Terror, a ſevere Delight,
Creep thro my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
A Voice, than Human more, th' abſtracted Ear
Of Fancy ſtrikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man! thy Fellow-creatures, we
"From the ſame PARENT-POWER our Beings drew,
"The ſame our Lord, and Laws, and great Purſuit.
"Once ſome of us, like thee, thro ſtormy Life,
"Toil'd, Tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
"Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
"Then fear not us; but with reſponſive Song,
"Amid theſe dim Receſſes, undiſturb'd
"By noiſy Folly and diſcordant Vice,
"Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's GOD.
"Here frequent, at the Viſionary Hour,
"When muſing Midnight reigns or ſilent Noon,
"Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard,
"And Voices chaunting from the Wood-crown'd Hill,
"The deepening Dale, or inmoſt ſilvan Glade:
"A Privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,

"On

"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
"Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic Strain."

And art thou, *Stanley, of that ſacred Band?
Alas, for us too ſoon!—Tho rais'd above
The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight
Of human Joy; yet, with a mingled Ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd Remembrance, muſt thou feel
A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe:
Who ſeeks Thee ſtill, in many a former Scene;
Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,
Thy pleaſing Converſe, by gay lively Senſe
Inſpir'd: where moral Wiſdom mildly ſhone,
Without the Toil of Art; and Virtue glow'd,
In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride.
But, O thou beſt of Parents! wipe thy Tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger Self, this opening Bloom
Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.
Believe the Muſe: the wintry Blaſt of Death
Kills not the Buds of Virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns,
Thro endleſs Ages, into higher Powers.

Thus up the Mount, in airy Viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the Sound

* *A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the Age of Eighteen, in the Year* 1738.

Of a near Fall of Water every Senſe
Wakes from the Charm of Thought: ſwift-ſhrinking back,
I check my Steps, and view the broken Scene.

SMOOTH to the ſhelving Brink a copious Flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous Torrent, down the Steep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the Country round.
At firſt, an azure Sheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding Rocks below
Daſh'd in a Cloud of Foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary Miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs Shower.
Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repoſe:
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy Rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd Fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow'd Channel rapid darts;
And falling faſt from gradual Slope to Slope,
With wild infracted Courſe, and leſſen'd Roar,
It gains a ſafer Bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.

INVITED from the Cliff, to whoſe dark Brow
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending Eagle ſoars,
With upward Pinions thro the Flood of Day;
And, giving full his Boſom to the Blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful Race,
Smit by afflictive Noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower
Reſponſive,

Reſponſive, force an interrupted Strain.
The Stock-Dove only thro the Foreſt cooes,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his Plaint,
Short Interval of weary Woe! again
The ſad Idea of his murder'd Mate,
Struck from his Side by ſavage Fowler's Guile,
Acroſs his Fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder Song of Sorrow thro the Grove.

BESIDE the dewy Border let me ſit,
All in the Freſhneſs of the humid Air;
There on that hollow'd Rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample Chair Moſs-lin'd, and over Head
By flowering Umbrage ſhaded; where the Bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted Balm
Of fragrant Woodbine loads his little Thigh.

NOW, while I taſte the Sweetneſs of the Shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come, bold *Fancy*, ſpread a daring Flight,
And view the Wonders of the *torrid Zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe Rage compar'd,
Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaſes from the Sky
The ſhort-liv'd Twilight; and with ardent Blaze
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling Air:
He mounts his Throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the Portals of the Morn,

The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his Fire,
And breathe Refreſhment on a fainting World.
Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd
And barbarous Wealth, that ſee, each circling Year,
Returning Suns and † *double Seaſons* paſs:
Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
That on the high Equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting Stream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic Woods, of every vigorous Green,
Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills;
Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep Immenſity of Shade.
Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown,
The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods
Prone-ruſhing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny Stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime,
Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taſte
And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,
And burning Sands that bank the ſhrubby Vales,
Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats
A friendly Juice to cool its Rage contain.

BEAR

* *Which blows conſtantly between the Tropics from the Eaſt, or the collateral Points, the North-Eaſt and South-Eaſt: cauſed by the Preſſure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from Eaſt to Weſt.*

† *In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.*

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy Citron-Groves;
To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,
With the deep Orange, glowing thro' the Green,
Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading Tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the Breeze, its Fever-cooling Fruit.
Deep in the Night the maſſy Locuſt ſheds,
Quench my hot Limbs; or lead me thro the Maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the *Indian* Fig;
Or thrown at gayer Eaſe, on ſome fair Brow,
Let me behold, by breezy Murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my Head the verdant Cedar wave,
And high Palmetos lift their graceful Shade.
O ſtretch'd amid theſe Orchards of the Sun,
Give me to drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl,
And from the Palm to draw its freſhening Wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice
Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its ſlender Twigs
Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro the Woods, the gelid Race
Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells
Unboaſtful Worth, above faſtidious Pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Anâna, thou the Pride
Of vegetable Life, beyond whate'er
The Poets imag'd in the golden Age:
Quick, let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty Coat,
Spread thy ambroſial Stores, and feaſt with *Jove!*

FROM Theſe the Proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable Meads,
And vaſt Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean loſt.
Another *Flora* there, of bolder Hues,
And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,
Plays o'er the Fields, and ſhowers with ſudden Hand
Exuberant Spring: for oft theſe Valleys ſhift
Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,
And ſwift to Green again, as ſcorching Suns,
Or ſtreaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely Regions, where retir'd,
From little Scenes of Art, great *Nature* dwells
In awful Solitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild Herds that own no Maſter's Stall,
Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas:
On whoſe luxuriant Herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen Cedar, far diffus'd his Train,
Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.
The Flood diſparts: behold! in plaited Mail,
* Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,
The darted Steel in idle Shivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the Plain, or ſeeks the Hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,
In widening Circle round, forget their Food,
And at the harmleſs Stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL,

* *The Hippopotamus, or River-Horſe.*

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval Trees, that caſt
Their ample Shade o'er *Niger*'s yellow Stream,
And where the *Ganges* rolls his ſacred Wave;
Or mid the Central Depth of blackning Woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn Theater around,
Leans the huge Elephant: wiſeſt of Brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle Might endow'd,
Tho powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving Ages ſweep the changeful Earth,
And Empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting Race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he ſcape their Guile,
Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps;
Or with his towry Grandeur ſwell their State,
The Pride of Kings! or elſe his Strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Madneſs of Mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods,
Like vivid Bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick-ſwarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,
That with a ſportive Vanity has deck'd
The plumy Nations, there her gayeſt Hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,

 Array'd

* *In all the Regions of the torrid Zone, the Birds, tho more beautiful in their Plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.*

Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,
Yet frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in Song.
Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent
Proud *Montezuma*'s Realm, whoſe Legions caſt
A boundleſs Radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours, while in our Shades,
Thro the ſoft Silence of the liſtening Night,
The ſober-ſuited Songſtreſs trills her Lay.

BUT come, my *Muſe*, the Deſart-Barrier burſt,
A wild Expanſe of lifeleſs Sand and Sky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling Caravan,
Shoot o'er the Vale of *Semnar*; ardent climb
The *Nubian* Mountains, and the ſecret Bounds
Of jealous *Abyſſinia* boldly pierce.
Thou art no Ruffian, who beneath the Maſk
Of ſocial Commerce com'ſt to rob their Wealth;
No *holy Fury* Thou, blaſpheming HEAVEN,
With conſecrated Steel to ſtab their Peace,
And thro the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds,
To ſpread the purple Tyranny of *Rome*.
Thou, like the harmleſs Bee, may'ſt freely range,
From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,
From Jaſmine Grove to Grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Thro Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods,
That grace the Plains, inveſt the peopled Hills,
And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave:
There on the breezy Summit, ſpreading fair,

For

For many a League; or on ſtupendous Rocks,
That from the Sun-redoubling Valley lift,
Cool to the middle Air, their lawny Tops;
Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas riſe;
And Gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd Fields;
And Fountains guſh; and careleſs Herds and Flocks
Securely ſtray; a World within itſelf,
Diſdaining all Aſſault: there let me draw
Etherial Soul, there drink reviving Gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy Groves,
And Vales of Fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold;
And o'er the vary'd Landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with Life of every fairer kind:
A Land of Wonders! which the Sun ſtill eyes
With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm
Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the Scene! In blazing Height of Noon,
The Sun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt Gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round,
Of ſtruggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot Equator crouding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air
Admits their Stream, inceſſant Vapours roll,
Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty Wind,

Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big Stores of ſteaming Oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper Seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial Mountain's Brow,
And by conflicting Winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental War
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated Maſs
Unbroken Floods and ſolid Torrents pours.

The Treaſures Theſe, hid from the bounded Search
Of ancient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,
Rich King of Floods! o'erflows the ſwelling *Nile*.
From his two Springs, in *Gojam*'s ſunny Realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro the lucid Lake
Of fair *Dambea* rolls his Infant-Stream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Iſles,
That with unfading Verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks;
And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd Treaſures of the Sky,
Winds in progreſſive Majeſty along:
Thro ſplendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary Tracts
Of Life-deſerted Sand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs Deſart, down the *Nubian* Rocks

From

From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the ſpreading Wave.

His Brother *Niger* too, and all the Floods
In which the full-form'd Maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty Limbs; and all that from the Tract
Of woody Mountains ſtretch'd thro gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel*'s Coaſt, or *Malabar*;
From * *Menam*'s orient Stream, that nightly ſhines
With Inſect-Lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On *Indus*' ſmiling Banks the roſy Shower:
All, at this bounteous Seaſon, ope their Urns,
And pour untoiling Harveſt o'er the Land.

Nor leſs thy World, Columbus, drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh Moiſture of the melting Year.
Wide o'er his Iſles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown Deluge; and the Native drives
To dwell aloft on Life-ſufficing Trees,
At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand Streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge deſcends
The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her Wing o'er this enormous Maſs

Of

* *The River that runs thro* Siam; *on whoſe Banks a vaſt Multitude of thoſe Inſects called* Fire-Flies *make a beautiful Appearance in the Night.*

† *The River of the Amazons.*

Of ruſhing Water, ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The Sea-like *Plata*; to whoſe dread Expanſe,
Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Courſe,
Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,
In ſilent Dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,
And fruitful Deſarts, Worlds of Solitude,
Where the Sun ſmiles and Seaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking Theſe,
O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a Nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft Boſom, many a happy Iſle;
The Seat of blameleſs *Pan*, yet undiſturb'd
By chriſtian Crimes and *Europe*'s cruel Sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the Deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock,
Yields to this liquid Weight of half the Globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.

But what avails this wondrous Waſte of Wealth?
This gay Profuſion of luxurious Bliſs?
This Pomp of Nature? what their balmy Meads,
Their powerful Herbs, and *Ceres* void of Pain?
By vagrant Birds diſpers'd, and wafting Winds,
What their unplanted Fruits? What the cool Draughts,
Th' ambroſial Food, rich Gums, and ſpicy Health,
Their Foreſts yield? Their toiling Inſects what,
Their ſilky Pride, and vegetable Robes?

Ah!

Ah! what avail their fatal Treaſures, hid
Deep in the Bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's Gems, and ſad *Potoſi*'s Mines;
Where dwelt the gentleſt Children of the Sun?
What all that *Afric*'s golden Rivers rowl,
Her odorous Woods, and ſhining Ivory Stores?
Ill-fated Race! the ſoftening Arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The godlike Wiſdom of the temper'd Breaſt;
Progreſſive Truth, the patient Force of Thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent Powers
Command the World; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws,
And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
Suſtains the Name and Dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himſelf
Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppreſſive Ray, the roſeat Bloom
Of Beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy Hue,
And Feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs Deeds,
Mad Jealouſy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft Regards, the Tenderneſs of Life,
The Heart-ſhed Tear, th' ineffable Delight
Of ſweet Humanity: Theſe court the Beam
Of milder Climes; in ſelfiſh fierce Deſire,
And the wild Fury of voluptuous Senſe,

There

There loft. The very Brute-Creation there
This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire.

Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At Noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his Train
In Orbs immenſe, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing Fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his Folds: and while, with threatning Tongue,
And deathful Jaws erect, the Monſter curls
His flaming Creſt, all other Thirſt, appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at Diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful He,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking Miniſter of Fate,
Whoſe high-concocted Venom thro the Veins
A rapid Lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man,
This Child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs Luſt of Blood, the Savage Race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading Hour of Guilt,
And foul Miſdeed, when the pure Day has ſhut
His ſacred Eye. The Tyger darting fierce,
Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd.
The lively-ſhining Leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming Arts of Man,
The keen Hyena, felleſt of the Fell.
Theſe, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable Woods

Of

Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted Isles,
That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* Wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy King,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed Sand;
And, with imperious and repeated Roars,
Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks
Croud near the guardian Swain; the nobler Herds,
Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,
They ruminating lie, with Horror hear
The coming Rage. Th' awaken'd Village starts;
And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains
Her thoughtless Infant. From the *Pyrate*'s Den,
Or stern *Morocco*'s tyrant Fang escap'd,
The Wretch half-wishes for his Bonds again:
While, Uproar all, the Wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas* Eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of Joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this World of Death. Day after Day,
Sad on the jutting Eminence he sits,
And views the Main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest Verge,
Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the Clouds,
At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns
A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted Roar is up,

And Hiſs continual thro the tedious Night.
Yet here, even here, into theſe black Abodes
Of Monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping *Rome*,
And guilty *Cæſar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
Her CATO following thro *Numidian* Wilds:
Diſdainful of *Campania*'s gentle Plains,
And all the green Delights *Auſonia* pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile Knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid Robber's Boon.

NOR ſtop the Terrors of theſe Regions here.
Commiſſion'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,
Let looſe the raging Elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs Furnace of the Sky,
And the wide glittering Waſte of burning Sand,
A ſuffocating Wind the Pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant Death. Patient of Thirſt and Toil,
Son of the Deſart! even the Camel feels,
Shot thro his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blaſt.
Or from the black-red Ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till with the general all-involving Storm
Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds ariſe;
And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at Night in ſad diſaſtrous Sleep,
Beneath deſcending Hills, the Caravan

Is buried deep. In *Cairo*'s crouded Streets,
Th' impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And *Mecca* ſaddens at the long Delay.

But chief at Sea, whoſe every flexile Wave
Obeys the Blaſt, th' aërial Tumult ſwells.
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,
Exhauſting all the Rage of all the Sky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy † Speck
Compreſs'd, the mighty Tempeſt brooding dwells.
Of no Regard, ſave to the ſkilful Eye,
Fiery and foul, the ſmall Prognoſtic hangs
Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow
Muſters its Force. A faint deceitful Calm,
A fluttering Gale, the Demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading Sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled Maſs
Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and ruſhing Floods.
In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow. By rapid Fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd Veſſel drinks the whelming Tide,

Hid

* Typhon *and* Ecnephia, *Terms for particular Storms or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.*

† *Called by Sailors the* Ox-eye, *being in Appearance at firſt no bigger.*

Hid in the Boſom of the black Abyſs.
With ſuch mad Seas the daring * GAMA fought,
For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night,
Inceſſant, lab'ring round the *ſtormy Cape*;
By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirſt
Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd
The riſing World of Trade: the *Genius*, then,
Of Navigation, that, in hopeleſs Sloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic Deep,
For idle Ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inſpir'd,
To Love of uſeful Glory rous'd Mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.

INCREASING ſtill the Terrors of theſe Storms,
His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,
Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent
Of ſteaming Crouds, of rank Diſeaſe, and Death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny Flood,
Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along;
And, from the Partners of that cruel Trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy *Guinea* of her Sons,
Demands his ſhare of Prey, demands themſelves.

The

* VASCO DE GAMA, *the firſt who ſailed round* Africa, *by the* Cape of Good-Hope, *to the* Eaſt-Indies.

† DON HENRY, *third Son to* John *the firſt, King of* Portugal. *His ſtrong Genius to the Diſcovery of new Countries was the chief Source of all the modern Improvements in Navigation.*

The ſtormy Fates deſcend: one Death involves
Tyrants and Slaves; when ſtrait, their mangled Limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple Seas
With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.

When o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs Sun,
And draws the copious Steam: from ſwampy Fens,
Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive Myriads; or from Woods,
Impenetrable Shades, Receſſes foul,
In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy Horrors yet no deſperate Foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of peſtilent Diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous Fiends her Courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs Woe,
And feeble Deſolation, caſting down
The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd
The British Fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable Scene; you, pitying, ſaw,
To Infant-Weakneſs ſunk the Warrior's Arm;
Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghaſtly Form,
The Lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs Eye
No more with Ardor bright: you heard the Groans
Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen Waves,

The

The frequent Corſe; while on each other fix'd,
In ſad Preſage, the blank Aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent, to aſk, whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention thoſe inclement Skies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening City, Plague,
The fierceſt Child of NEMESIS DIVINE,
Deſcends? * From *Ethiopia*'s poiſon'd Woods,
From ſtifled *Cairo*'s Filth, and fetid Fields
With Locuſt-Armies putrefying heap'd,
This great Deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful Rage
The Brutes eſcape. Man is her deſtin'd Prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty Domes,
She draws a cloſe incumbent Cloud of Death;
Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome Breeze; and ſtain'd
With many a Mixture by the Sun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry Aſpect. Princely Wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand
Of feeble Juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The Sword and Balance: mute the Voice of Joy,
And huſh'd the Clamour of the buſy World.
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad;
Into the worſt of Deſarts ſudden turn'd
The chearful Haunt of Men: unleſs eſcap'd

From

* *Theſe are the Cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt Origin of the* Plague, *in* DOCTOR MEAD'*s elegant Book on that Subject.*

From the doom'd Houſe, where matchleſs Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the ſmitten Wretch,
With Frenzy wild, breaks looſe; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen Door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious Hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors Society.
Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himſelf,
Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender Tie,
The ſweet Engagement of the feeling Heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh Care: the circling Sky,
The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;
And, ſtruck by Turns, in ſolitary Pangs
They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate City black Deſpair
Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat
The Scene of Deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim Guards ſtand, denying all Retreat,
And give the flying Wretch a better Death.

MUCH yet remains unſung: the Rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,
Where Drought and Famine ſtarve the blaſted Year:
Fir'd by the Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,
Th' infuriate Hill that ſhoots the pillar'd Flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean World,
Th' expanding Earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring Cities from their ſolid Baſe,

And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid Grove
Unuſual Darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full Poſſeſſion of the Sky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful Vapour, from the ſecret Beds,
Where ſleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume
Of fat Bitumen, ſteaming on the Day,
With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,
Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud,
A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,
Ferment; till, by the Touch etherial rous'd,
The Daſh of Clouds, or irritating War
Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding Silence reigns,
Dread thro the dun Expanſe; ſave the dull Sound
That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering Earth, diſturbs the Flood,
And ſhakes the Foreſt-Leaf without a Breath.
Prone, to the loweſt Vale, th' aërial Tribes
Deſcend: the Tempeſt-loving Raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious Duſk. In rueful Gaze
The Cattle ſtand, and on the ſcouling Heavens
Caſt a deploring Eye; by Man forſook,

Who

Who to the crouded Cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis liſtening Fear, and dumb Amazement all:
When to the ſtartled Eye the ſudden Glance
Appears far South, eruptive thro the Cloud;
And following ſlower, in Exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous Voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
The Tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful Burden on the Wind,
The Lightnings flaſh a larger Curve, and more
The Noiſe aſtounds: till over Head a Sheet
Of livid Flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts
And opens wider, ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of ſonorous Hail,
Or prone-deſcending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds,
Pour a whole Flood; and yet, its Flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable Lightning ſtruggles thro,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.
Black from the Stroke, above, the ſmouldring Pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd Trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,

A lifeleſs Groupe the blaſted Cattle lie:
Here the ſoft Flocks, with that ſame harmleſs Look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In Fancy's Eye; and there the frowning Bull,
And Ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled Cliff,
The venerable Tower and ſpiry Fane
Reſign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
Start at the Flaſh, and from their deep Receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates ſhake.
Amid *Carnarvon*'s Mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive Roar: with mighty Cruſh,
Into the flaſhing Deep, from the rude Rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the Sky,
Tumble the ſmitten Cliffs; and *Snowden*'s Peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry Load.
Far ſeen, the Heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thulè* bellows thro her utmoſt Iſles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled Thought;
And yet not always on the guilty Head
Deſcends the fated Flaſh. Young CELADON
And his AMELIA were a matchleſs Pair,
With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their Sex alone:
Hers the mild Luſtre of the blooming Morn,
And his the Radiance of the riſen Day.

THEY

THEY lov'd. But ſuch their guileleſs Paſſion was,
As in the Dawn of Time inform'd the Heart
Of Innocence, and undiſſembling Truth.
'Twas Friendſhip heighten'd by the mutual Wiſh,
Th' enchanting Hope, and ſympathetic Glow,
Beam'd from the mutual Eye. Devoting all
To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd Power
Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades,
Still in harmonious Intercourſe they liv'd
The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
Or ſigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So paſs'd their Life, a clear united Stream,
By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour,
The Tempeſt caught them on the tender Walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its Mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative Love
Still bade eternal *Eden* ſmile around.
Heavy with inſtant Fate her Boſom heav'd
Unwonted Sighs, and ſtealing oft a Look
Of the big Gloom on CELADON her Eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd Cheek.
In vain aſſuring Love, and Confidence
In HEAVEN repreſs'd her Fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her Frame near Diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal Conflict, and as Angels look

On dying Saints, his Eyes Compaſſion ſhed,
With Love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he ſaid,
" Sweet Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,
" And inward Storm! He, who yon Skies involves
" In Frowns of Darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee,
" With kind Regard. O'er thee the ſecret Shaft
" That waſtes at Midnight, or th' undreaded Hour
" Of Noon, flies harmleſs: and that very Voice,
" Which thunders Terror thro the guilty Heart,
" With Tongues of Seraphs whiſpers Peace to thine.
" 'Tis Safety to be near thee ſure, and thus
" To claſp Perfection!" From his void Embrace,
(Myſterious Heaven!) that moment, to the Ground,
A blacken'd Corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous Maid.
But who can paint the Lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere Amazement, hating Life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe!
So, faint Reſemblance, on the Marble-Tomb,
The well-diſſembled Mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the Face of Heaven the ſhatter'd Clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable Sky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the World expands
A purer Azure. Nature, from the Storm,
Shines out afreſh; and thro the lighten'd Air
A higher Luſter and a clearer Calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign

Of

Of Danger paſt, a glittering Robe of Joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow Ray,
Inveſts the Fields, yet dropping from Diſtreſs.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro the clover'd Vale.
And ſhall the Hymn be marr'd by thankleſs Man,
Moſt-favour'd; who with Voice articulate
Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the Hand
That huſh'd the Thunder, and ſerenes the Sky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that Spark the Tempeſt wak'd,
That Senſe of Powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble Heart has loſt its Fears?

Chear'd by the milder Beam, the ſprightly Youth
Speeds to the well-known Pool, whoſe cryſtal Depth
A ſandy Bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted Landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue Profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.
His ebon Treſſes, and his roſy Cheek
Inſtant emerge; and thro th' obedient Wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his Lip repell'd,
With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,
As Humour leads, an eaſy-winding Path;

While, from his poliſh'd Sides, a dewy Light
Effuſes on the pleas'd Spectators round.

This is the pureſt Exerciſe of Health,
The kind Refreſher of the Summer-Heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening Flood,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd,
By the bold Swimmer, in the ſwift Illapſe
Of Accident diſaſtrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force; and the ſame *Roman* Arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the Wave.
Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic Aid.

Close in the Covert of an Hazel Copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing Solitudes
Runs out the rambling Dale, young Damon ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs.
There to the Stream that down the diſtant Rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that play'd
Among the bending Willows, falſely he
Of Musidora's Cruelty complain'd.
She felt his Flame; but deep within her Breaſt,
In baſhful Coyneſs, or in maiden Pride,
The ſoft Return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long Glances from her downcaſt Eye,

Or

Or from her ſwelling Soul in ſtifled Sighs.
'Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows,
He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart;
And, if an infant Paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that Paſſion forth. Thrice happy Swain!
A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate
Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool Retreat his MUSIDORA ſought:
Warm in her Cheek the ſultry Seaſon glow'd;
And, robe'd in looſe Array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent Limbs in the refreſhing Stream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet Confuſion loſt,
And dubious Flutterings, he a while remain'd.
A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul,
A delicate Refinement, known to Few,
Perplex'd his Breaſt, and urg'd him to retire.
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around
The Banks ſurveying, ſtrip'd her beauteous Limbs,
To taſte the lucid Coolneſs of the Flood.
Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny Top
Of *Ida* panted ſtronger, when aſide
The Rival-Goddeſſes the Veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their Charms,
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the ſnowy Leg,

And ſlender Foot, th' inverted Silk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft Touch diſſolv'd the virgin Zone;
And, thro the parting Robe, th' alternate Breaſt,
With Youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs Gaze
In full Luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate Youth,
How durſt thou riſque the Soul-diſtracting View;
As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt Hand,
In Folds looſe-floating fell the fainter Lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With Fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful Breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful Fawn?
Then to the Flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted Flood
Its lovely Gueſt with cloſing Waves receiv'd;
And every Beauty ſoftening, every Grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow Luſter ſhed:
As ſhines the Lily thro the Cryſtal mild;
Or as the Roſe amid the Morning Dew,
Freſh from *Aurora*'s Hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the Wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming Locks,
That half embrac'd Her in a humid Veil,
Riſing again, the latent DAMON drew
Such madning Draughts of Beauty to the Soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought
With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By Love's reſpectful Modeſty, he deem'd
The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love

Can

Can e'er be deem'd, and, ſtruggling from the Shade,
With headlong Hurry fled: but firſt theſe Lines,
Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank,
With trembling Hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair,
"Yet unbeheld ſave by the ſacred Eye
"Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt,
"To keep from thy Receſs each vagrant Foot,
"And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprize,
As if to Marble ſtruck, devoid of Senſe,
A ſtupid Moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the * Statue that enchants the World,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs Boaſt,
The mingled Beauties of exulting *Greece*.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe Robes
Which bliſsful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs Haſte, th' alarming Paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her DAMON's well-known Hand ſhe ſaw,
Her Terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter Train
Of mixt Emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden Boſom ſeiz'd: Shame void of Guilt,
The charming Bluſh of Innocence, Eſteem
And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,
By Modeſty exalted. Even a Senſe
Of ſelf-approving Beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy Thought. At length, a tender Calm
Huſh'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul;
And on the ſpreading Beech, that o'er the Stream

* *The Venus of* Medici.

Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſilvan Pen
Of rural Lovers this Confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her DAMON kiſs'd with weeping Joy.
" Dear Youth! ſole Judge of what theſe Verſes mean,
" By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
" Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
" Diſcreet: the Time may come you need not fly."

THE Sun has loſt his Rage: his downward Orb
Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth,
And vital Luſtre; that, with various Ray,
Lights up the Clouds, thoſe beauteous Robes of Heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic Shapes,
The Dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth
And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft Hour
Of Walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant Hills, and there converſe
With Nature; there to harmonize his Heart,
And in pathetic Song to breathe around
The Harmony to others. Social Friends,
Attun'd to happy Uniſon of Soul;
To whoſe exalting Eye a fairer World,
Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpſe,
Diſplays its Charms; whoſe Minds are richly fraught
With Philoſophic Stores, ſuperior Light;
And in whoſe Breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue,

Virtue, the Sons of Intereſt deem Romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day:
Now to the verdant *Portico* of Woods,
To Nature's vaſt *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *School* where no proud Maſter reigns,
The full free Converſe of the friendly Heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the World,
Sacred to ſweet Retirement, Lovers ſteal,
And pour their Souls in Tranſport, which the SIRE
Of Love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which Way, AMANDA, ſhall we bend our Courſe?
The Choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chuſe?
All is the ſame with Thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the Streams? or walk the ſmiling Mead?
Or court the Foreſt-Glades? or wander wild
Among the waving Harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its Pride,
Thy Hill, delightful * *Shene?* Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs Landſkip: now the raptur'd Eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge AUGUSTA ſend,
Now to the † *Siſter-Hills* that ſkirt her Plain,
To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
Majeſtic *Windſor* lifts his Princely Brow.
In lovely Contraſt to this glorious View,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn

To

* *The old Name of* Richmond, *ſignifying in Saxon* Shining, *or* Splendor.

† Highgate *and* Hamſtead.

To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
There let the feasted Eye unweary'd stray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro the pendant Woods
That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's Retreat;
And, stooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering Walks,
Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd,
With HER the pleasing Partner of his Heart,
The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In *Twit'nam*'s Bowers, and for their POPE implore
The healing God; to royal *Hampton*'s Pile,
To *Clermont*'s terrass'd Height, and *Esher*'s Groves,
Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd
By the soft Windings of the silent *Mole*,
From Courts and Senates PELHAM finds Repose.
Inchanting Vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!
O Vale of Bliss! O softly-swelling Hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil.

HEAVENS! what a goodly Prospect spreads around,
Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,
And glittering Towns, and gilded Streams, till all
The stretching Landskip into Smoke decays!
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,

Inſpiring Vigor, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt Cotts,
And ſcatters Plenty with unſparing Hand.

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Clime;
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought;
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks; thy Valleys float
With golden Waves: and on thy Mountains Flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their Sides,
Bellow the blackening Herds in luſty Droves.
Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,
Thy Villas ſhine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;
And Property aſſures it to the Swain,
Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his guarded Toil.

FULL are thy Cities with the Sons of Art;
And Trade and Joy, in every buſy Street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the Car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crouded Ports,
Where riſing Maſts an endleſs Proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the Shouts
Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt Adieu, and looſening every Sheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading Veſſel to the Wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
By Hardſhip ſinew'd, and by Danger fir'd,
Scattering the Nations where they go; and firſt
Or in the liſted Plain, or ſtormy Seas.
Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans
Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preſide;
In Genius, and ſubſtantial Learning, high;
For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet like the muſtering Thunder when provok'd,
The Dread of Tyrants, and the ſole Reſource
Of thoſe that under grim Oppreſſion groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the Splendor of heroic War,
And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallow'd Name the Virtues ſaint,
And *his own* Muſes love, the beſt of *Kings*.
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the Firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty *Gaul* the Terror of thy Arms,
That awes her Genius ſtill. In *Stateſmen* Thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady MORE,
Who, with a generous tho miſtaken Zeal,
Withſtood a brutal Tyrant's uſeful Rage,
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES juſt,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,

A dauntleſs Soul erect, who ſmil'd on Death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee Miſtreſs of the Deep,
And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World.
Then flam'd thy Spirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous Worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every Glory mix'd,
RALEIGH, the Scourge of *Spain!* whoſe Breaſt with all
The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.
Nor ſunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign
The Warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the Vengeance of a vanquiſh'd Foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his Mind
Explor'd the vaſt Extent of Ages paſt,
And with his Priſon-Hours enrich'd the World;
Yet found no Times, in all the long Reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as Thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant SIDNEY paſs,
The Plume of War! with early Laurels crown'd,
The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.
A HAMPDEN too is thine, illuſtrious Land,
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting Soul,
Who ſtem'd the Torrent of a downward Age
To Slavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native Pomp of Freedom bold.
Bright, at his Call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye

Shall

Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt Flower, and let me ſtrew
The Grave where RUSSEL lies; whoſe temper'd Blood
With calmeſt Chearfulneſs for Thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad Annals of a giddy Reign;
Aiming at lawleſs Power, tho meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious Luxury. With him
His Friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,
By antient Learning to th' enlighten'd Love
Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown
In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the Light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muſes' Song.
Thine is a BACON, hapleſs in his Choice;
Unfit to ſtand the civil Storm of State,
And thro the ſmooth Barbarity of Courts,
With firm but pliant Virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his Courſe. Him for the ſtudious Shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich Soul,
PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
The great Deliverer he! who from the Gloom
Of cloiſter'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,
And Definitions void: he led Her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,

* ALGERNON SIDNEY. In-

Inveſtigating ſure the Chain of Things,
With radiant Finger points to HEAVEN again.
The generous * ASHLEY thine, the Friend of Man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye,
His Weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his Aim,
To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,
And with the *moral Beauty* charm the Heart.
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whoſe pious Search
Amid the dark Receſſes of his Works,
The great CREATOR ſought? And why thy LOCKE,
Who made the whole internal World his own?
Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD
To Mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs Works
From Laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy Fame
In all Philoſophy. For lofty Senſe,
Creative Fancy, and Inſpection keen
Thro the deep Windings of the human Heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's Boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of Claſſic Ages in thy MILTON met?
A Genius univerſal as his Theme,
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the Bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my Verſe that elder Bard forget,
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleaſing Son;
Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song
O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground:

Nor

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, *Earl of* Shafteſbury.

Nor Thee, his antient Maſter, laughing Sage,
CHAUCER, whoſe native Manners-painting Verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro the Gothic Cloud
Of Time and Language o'er thy Genius thrown.

MAY my Song ſoften, as thy DAUGHTERS I, 1565
BRITANNIA, hail! for Beauty is their own,
The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life,
And Elegance, and Taſte: the faultleſs Form,
Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek,
Where the live Crimſon, thro the native White 1570
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the Face diffuſes Bloom,
And every nameleſs Grace; the parted Lip,
Like the red Roſe-bud moiſt with Morning-Dew,
Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
Or ſunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown, 1557
The Neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling Breaſt;
The Look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the Soul,
And by the Soul inform'd, when dreſt in Love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious Eye.

ISLAND of Bliſs! amid the ſubject Seas, 1580
That thunder round thy rocky Coaſts, ſet up,
At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight,
Of diſtant Nations; whoſe remoteſt Shore
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy Naval Arm,
Not to be ſhook thy ſelf, but all Aſſaults 1585
Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O THOU! by whoſe almighty *Nod* the Scale
Of Empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving VIRTUES round the Land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle Deeds, and ſhedding Tears thro Smiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound *Temperance*,
Healthful in Heart and Look; clear *Chaſtity*
With Bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep Regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant Front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,
And, ever muſing on the common Weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great Deſign.

LOW walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the Verge of Day. The ſhifting Clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train,
In all their Pomp attend his ſetting Throne.
Air, Earth and Ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary Chariot ſought the Bowers
Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending Nymphs,
(So *Grecian* Fable ſung) he dips his Orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden Curve
Gives one bright Glance, then total diſappears.

FOR

For ever running an enchanted Round,
Paſſes the Day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the Viſion o'er the formful Brain,
This Moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd Soul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The Dreamer of this Earth, an idle Blank:
A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,
Who all day long in ſordid Pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs Load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcroundrel Train, what might have chear'd
A drooping Family of modeſt Worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving Mind,
That gives the hopeleſs Heart to ſing for Joy,
Diffuſing kind Beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent Dew;
To him the long Review of order'd Life
Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd Clouds,
All Ether ſoftening, ſober *Evening* takes
Her wonted Station in the middle Air;
A thouſand *Shadows* at her Beck. Firſt *This*
She ſends on Earth; then *That* of deeper Dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *Deeper* ſtill,
In Circle following Circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the Face of Things. A freſher Gale
Begins to wave the Wood, and ſtir the Stream,
Sweeping

Sweeping with ſhadowy Guſt the Fields of Corn;
While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly Lawn, as ſwells the Breeze,
A whitening Shower of vegetable Down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial Care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt Sons, and clothe the coming Year,
From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds ſhe wings.

His folded Flock ſecure, the Shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail;
The Beauty whom perhaps his witleſs Heart,
Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt Language ſhewn
Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting Height,
And Valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,
In various Game, and Revelry to paſs
The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell.
But far about they wander from the Grave
Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad Breaſt to lift the Hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely Tower
Is alſo ſhun'd; whoſe mournful Chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghoſt.

AMONG the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,
The Glow-Worm lights his Gem; and, thro the Dark,
A moving Radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
The World to *Night*; not in her Winter-Robe
Of maſſy Stygian Woof, but looſe array'd
In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Flings half an Image on the ſtraining Eye;
While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending Gleam, are all one ſwimming Scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
Thence weary Viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent Hours of Love, with pureſt Ray
Sweet *Venus* ſhines; and from her genial Riſe,
When Day-Light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt Lamp of Night.
As thus th' Effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd Gaze, the lambent Lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the Sky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous Shapes: by fearful murmuring Crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the Sky,
The Life-infuſing Suns of other Worlds;
Lo! from the dread Immenſity of Space
Returning, with accelerated Courſe,
The ruſhing Comet to the Sun deſcends;

And

And as he ſinks below the ſhading Earth,
With awful Train projected o'er the Heavens,
The guilty Nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious Horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious Herd, to myſtic Faith
And blind Amazement prone, th' enlighten'd Few,
Whoſe Godlike Minds Philoſophy exalts,
The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy
Divinely great; they in their Powers exult,
That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting ſpurns
This duſky Spot, and meaſures all the Sky;
While, from his far Excurſion thro the Wilds
Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,
They ſee the blazing Wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming Terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the Will of all-ſuſtaining LOVE:
From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving Moiſture on the numerous Orbs,
Thro which his long Ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,
To light up Worlds, and feed th' eternal Fire.

WITH Thee, ſerene PHILOSOPHY, with Thee,
And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song!
Effuſive Source of Evidence, and Truth!
A Luſter ſhedding o'er th' ennobled Mind,
Stronger than Summer-Noon; and pure as That,
Whoſe mild Vibrations ſooth the parted Soul,

New to the Dawning of celeſtial Day.
Hence thro her nouriſh'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated Pride,
Above the tangling Maſs of low Deſires,
That bind the fluttering Croud; and, Angel-wing'd,
The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry Regions, or th' Abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's Eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from the dreary Void,
The Chain of Cauſes and Effects to HIM,
The World-producing ESSENCE, who alone
Poſſeſſes Being; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth,
And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier Senſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid Mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
Her Voice to Ages; and informs the Page
With Muſic, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
Never to die! the Treaſure of Mankind!
Their higheſt Honour, and their trueſt Joy!

WITHOUT thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A Savage roaming thro the Woods and Wilds,
In queſt of Prey; and with th' unfaſhion'd Furr
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer Art,

And

And Elegance of Life. Nor Happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of Tenderneſs and Care,
Nor moral Excellence, nor ſocial Bliſs,
Nor guardian Law were his; nor various Skill
To turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool
Mechanic; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow
Of Navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole,
Mother ſevere of infinite Delights!
Nothing, ſave Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
And Woes on Woes, a ſtill-revolving Train!
Whoſe horrid Circle had made human Life
Than Non-exiſtence worſe: but, taught by Thee,
Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace;
To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
Embeliſh Life. While thus laborious Crouds
Ply the tough Oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
The ruling Helm; or like the liberal Breath
Of potent Heaven, inviſible, the Sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior World along.

NOR to this evaneſcent Speck of Earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
Are her exalted Range; intent to gaze
Creation thro; and, from that full Complex
Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *ſpoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,

Thence on th' ideal Kingdom swift she turns
Her Eye; and instant, at her powerful Glance,
Th' obedient Phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train;
To Reason then, deducing Truth from Truth;
And Notion quite abstract; where first begins
The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark State,
In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final Issue of the Works of GOD,
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever rising with the rising Mind.

AUTUMN.

H. Kent inv: et del. *P. Fourdrinier Sculp.*

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Addreſs'd to Mr. ONSLOW. *A Proſpect of the Fields ready for Harveſt. Reflexions in praiſe of Induſtry rais'd by that View. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harveſt Storm. Shooting and Hunting, their Barbarity. A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting. A View of an Orchard. Wall-Fruit. A Vine-yard. A Deſcription of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of* Autumn : *whence a Digreſſion, enquiring into the Riſe of Fountains and Rivers. Birds of Seaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their Habitation. The prodigious Number of them that cover the northern and weſtern Iſles of* SCOTLAND. *Hence a View of the Country. A Proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading Woods. After a gentle duſky Day, Moon-light. Autumnal Meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, Sun-ſhiny Day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the Seaſon. The Harveſt being gathered in, the Country diſſolv'd in Joy. The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a Philoſophical Country Life.*

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the Sickle, and the wheaten Sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow Plain,
Comes jovial on; the *Doric* Reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry Froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white Promiſe forth; and Summer-Suns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to View,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious Theme.

ONSLOW! the Muſe, ambitious of thy Name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her Song,
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle Ear
A while engage. Thy noble Cares ſhe knows,
The Patriot-Virtues that diſtend thy Thought,
Spread on thy Front, and in thy Boſom glow;
While liſtening Senates hang upon thy Tongue,
Devolving thro the Maze of Eloquence
A Rowl of Periods, ſweeter than her Song.
But ſhe too pants for public Virtue, ſhe,
Tho weak of Power yet ſtrong in ardent Will,

Whene'er her Country ruſhes on her Heart,
Aſſumes a bolder Note, and fondly tries
To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's Flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous Days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal Scales the Year;
From Heaven's high Cope the fierce Effulgence ſhook
Of parting Summer, a ſerener Blue,
With golden Light enliven'd wide inveſts
The happy World. Attemper'd Suns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft thro lucid Clouds
A pleaſing Calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extenſive Harveſts hang the heavy Head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a Gale
Rolls its light Billows o'er the bending Plain;
A Calm of Plenty! till the ruffled Air
Falls from its Poiſe, and gives the Breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the Sky;
The Clouds fly different; and the ſudden Sun
By Fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd Field,
And black by Fits the Shadows ſweep along.
A gayly-checker'd Heart-expanding View,
Far as the circling Eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a Flood of Corn.

THESE are thy Bleſſings, INDUSTRY! rough Power!
Whom Labour ſtill attends, and Sweat, and Pain;
Yet the kind Source of every gentle Art,

And all the ſoft Civility of Life:
Raiſer of Human Kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the Woods,
And Wilds, to rude inclement Elements;
With various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious Breaſt,
Slept the lethargic Powers; Corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal Hand
Of Bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage Year:
And ſtill the ſad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
With Beaſts of Prey; or for his Acorn-Meal
Fought the fierce tuſky Boar; a ſhivering Wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak North,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempeſt fly,
Hail, Rain, and Snow, and bitter-breathing Froſt:
Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled;
And the wild Seaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For Home he had not; Home is the Reſort
Of Love, of Joy, of Peace and Plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd Friends,
And dear Relations mingle into Bliſs.
But this the rugged Savage never felt,
Even deſolate in Crouds; and thus his Days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A Waſte of Time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable Sloth:

His Faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh Nature the directing Hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble Force by the mechanic Powers,
To dig the Mineral from the vaulted Earth,
On what to turn the piercing Rage of Fire,
On what the Torrent, and the gather'd Blaſt;
Gave the tall antient Foreſt to his Ax;
Taught him to chip the Wood, and hew the Stone,
Till by Degrees the finiſh'd Fabric roſe;
Tore from his Limbs the Blood-polluted Fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly Veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy Silk, and flowing Lawn;
With wholeſome Viands fill'd his Table, pour'd
The generous Glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The Life-refining Soul of decent Wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare Neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on,
To Pomp, to Pleaſure, Elegance, and Grace;
And, breathing high Ambition thro his Soul,
Set Science, Wiſdom, Glory, in his View,
And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

THEN gathering Men their natural Powers combin'd,
And form'd a *Public*; to the general Good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For This the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The wiſe, and fairly repreſented *Whole*;

For

For this they plann'd the holy Guardian-Laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd Orders, animated Arts,
And with joint Force *Oppreſſion* chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the Helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling Millions muſt reſign their Weal,
And all the Honey of their Search, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.

HENCE every Form of cultivated Life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into Perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of Art! the City rear'd
In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled Head;
And, ſtretching Street on Street, by Thouſands drew,
From twining woody Haunts, or the tough Yew
To Bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring Sons.

THEN Commerce brought into the public Walk
The buſy Merchant; the big Ware-houſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong Crane; choak'd up the loaded Street
With foreign Plenty, and thy Stream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, King of Floods!
Choſe for his grand Reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry Foreſt, Groves of Maſts
Shot up their Spires; the bellying Sheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy Void; the ſooty Hulk

Steer'd

Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid Barge along
Row'd, regular, to Harmony; around,
The Boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary Wings;
While deep the various Voice of fervent Toil
From Bank to Bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with Oak,
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring Veſſel ruſh'd into the Main.

THEN too the pillar'd Dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample Roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering Stores: the Canvas ſmooth,
With glowing Life protuberant, to the View
Embodied roſe; the Statue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into Fleſh, beneath the Touch
Of forming Art, Imagination fluſh'd.

ALL is the Gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders Life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial Fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded Tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd Fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid Waſte;
Nor to th' autumnal Months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable Stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering Song.

SOON

SOON as the Morning trembles o'er the Sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading Day;
Before the ripen'd Field the Reapers ſtand,
In fair Array; each by the Laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher Part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle Offices her Toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty Sheaves;
While thro their chearful Band the rural Talk,
The rural Scandal and the rural Jeſt
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious Time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry Hours away.
Behind the Maſter walks, builds up the Shocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every Side
His ſated Eye, feels his Heart heave with Joy.
The Gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after Spike, their ſparing Harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, Huſbandmen! but fling
From the full Sheaf, with charitable Stealth,
The liberal Handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields;
While theſe unhappy Partners of your Kind
Wide-hover round you, like the Fowls of Heaven,
And aſk their humble Dole. The various Turns
Of Fortune ponder; that your Sons may want
What now, with hard Reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends;
And Fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her Birth.
For in her helpleſs Years depriv'd of all,
Of every Stay, ſave Innocence and HEAVEN,
She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
Among the Windings of a woody Vale;
By Solitude and deep ſurrounding Shades,
But more by baſhful Modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel Scorn
Which Virtue, ſunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Faſhion and low-minded Pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common Bounty fed,
Like the gay Birds that ſung them to Repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's Fare.
Her Form was freſher than the Morning-Roſe,
When the Dew wets its Leaves; unſtain'd, and pure,
As is the Lily, or the Mountain Snow.
The modeſt Virtues mingled in her Eyes,
Still on the Ground dejected, darting all
Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers:
Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
Of what her faithleſs Fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
Of Evening, ſhone in Tears. A native Grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd Limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple Robe, their beſt Attire,

Beyond

Beyond the Pomp of Dreſs; for Lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of Beauty, ſhe was Beauty's Self,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering Woods.
As in the hollow Breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,
A Myrtle riſes, far from human Eye,
And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme Command,
With ſmiling Patience in her Looks, ſhe went
To glean PALEMON's Fields. The Pride of Swains
PALEMON was, the Generous, and the Rich,
Who led the rural Life in all its Joy,
And Elegance, ſuch as *Arcadian* Song
Tranſmits from antient uncorrupted Times;
When tyrant Cuſtom had not ſhackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his Reaper-Train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his Eye;
Unconſcious of her Power, and turning quick
With unaffected Bluſhes from his Gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The Charms her down-caſt Modeſty conceal'd.
That very Moment Love and chaſte Deſire

Sprung in his Boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm Philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field:
And thus in ſecret to his Soūl he ſigh'd.

" WHAT pity! that ſo delicate a Form,
" By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Senſe,
" And more than vulgar Goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude Embrace
" Of ſome indecent Clown? She looks, methinks,
" Of old ACASTO's Line; and to my Mind
" Recalls that Patron of my happy Life,
" From whom my liberal Fortune took its Riſe;
" Now to the Duſt gone down; his Houſes, Lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading Family diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure Retreat,
" Urg'd by Remembrance ſad, and decent Pride,
" Far from thoſe Scenes which knew their better Days,
" His aged Widow and his Daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs Search could never find.
" Romantic Wiſh, would this the Daughter were!"

WHEN, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the Daughter of his Friend,
Of bountiful ACASTO; who can ſpeak
The mingled Paſſions that ſurpriz'd his Heart,
And thro his Nerves in ſhivering Tranſport ran?

Then

Then blaz'd his ſmother'd-Flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd Her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden Tears,
Her riſing Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
As thus PALEMON, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul.

" AND art thou then ACASTO's dear Remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs Gratitude has ſought,
" So long in vain? Oh yes! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd Image of my noble Friend,
" Alive, his every Feature, every Look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving Bloſſom from the Root,
" That nouriſh'd up my Fortune, ſay, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd Deſart, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt Aſpect of delighted Heaven?
" Into ſuch Beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
" Tho Poverty's cold Wind, and cruſhing Rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender Years?
" O let me now, into a richer Soil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal Suns, and Showers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt Influence;
" And of my Garden be the Pride, and Joy!
" It ill befits thee, oh it ills befits
" ACASTO's Daughter, his whoſe open Stores,
" Tho vaſt, were little to his ampler Heart,

" The

" The Father of a Country, thus to pick
" The very Refuſe of thoſe Harveſt-Fields,
" Which from his bounteous Friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful Pittance from thy Hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged Taſk;
" The Fields, the Maſter, all, my Fair, are thine;
" If to the various Bleſſings which thy Houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that Bliſs,
" That deareſt Bliſs, the Power of bleſſing Thee!"

HERE ceas'd the Youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking Eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred Triumph of his Soul,
With conſcious Virtue, Gratitude, and Love,
Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he Reply. Won by the Charm
Of Goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet Diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd Conſent.
The News immediate to her Mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious Thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely Moments for LAVINIA's Fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright Gleam
Of ſetting Life ſhone on her Evening-Hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy Pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender Bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous Offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the Grace of all the Country round.

DEFEATING oft the Labours of the Year,
The ſultry South collects a potent Blaſt.
At firſt, the Groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling Tops; and a ſtill Murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining Fields of Corn:
But as th' aërial Tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty Stream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited Atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding World;
Strain'd to the Root, the ſtooping Foreſt pours
A ruſtling Shower of yet untimely Leaves.
High-beat, the circling Mountains eddy in,
From the bare Wild, the diſſipated Storm,
And ſend it in a Torrent down the Vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt Rage,
Thro all the Sea of Harveſt rolling round,
The billowy Plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho pliant to the Blaſt, its ſeizing Force;
Or whirl'd in Air, or into vacant Chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a Burſt of Rain,
Swept from the black Horizon, broad, deſcends
In one continuous Flood. Still over head
The mingling Tempeſt weaves its Gloom, and ſtill
The Deluge deepens; till the Fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid Wave.
Sudden, the Ditches ſwell; the Meadows ſwim.
Red, from the Hills, innumerable Streams

Tumultuous

Tumultuous roar; and high above its Banks
The River lift; before whoſe ruſhing Tide,
Herds, Flocks, and Harveſts, Cottages, and Swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the Winds had ſpar'd,
In one wild Moment ruin'd, the big Hopes,
And well-earn'd Treaſures of the painful Year.
Fled to ſome Eminence, the Huſbandman,
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable Wreck
Driving along; his drowning Ox at once
Deſcending, with his Labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering Thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a Train
Of clamant Children dear. Ye Maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious Hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in Elegance and Eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe Limbs in Ruſſet clad,
Whoſe Toil to yours is Warmth, and graceful Pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing Board,
Which covers yours with Luxury profuſe,
Makes your Glaſs ſparkle, and your Senſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep Rains,
And all-involving Winds have ſwept away.

HERE the rude Clamour of the Sportſman's Joy,
The Gun faſt-thundering, and the winded Horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural Game*:
How, in his Mid-career, the Spaniel ſtruck,
Stiff, by the tainted Gale, with open Noſe,

Out-

Outſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent Prey;
As in the Sun the circling Covey baſk
Their varied Plumes, and watchful every way
Thro the rough Stubble turn the ſecret Eye.
Caught in the meſhy Snare, in vain they beat
Their idle Wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the Surges of the boundleſs Air,
Tho borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the Gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the Fowler's Eye
O'ertakes their ſounding Pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering Wing,
Dead to the Gronnd; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the Wind.

THESE are not Subjects for the peaceful Muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs Song;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd Animal-Creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not Joy to Her,
This falſely chearful barbarous Game of Death;
This Rage of Pleaſure, which the reſtleſs Youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming Morn;
When Beaſts of Prey retire, that all Night long,
Urg'd by Neceſſity, had rang'd the Dark,
As if their conſcious Ravage ſhun'd the Light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady Tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtleſs Inſolence of Power

Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate Wrath
Of the worſt Monſter that e'er roam'd the Waſte,
For Sport alone purſues the cruel Chace,
Amid the Beamings of the gentle Days.
Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes, our wanton Rage,
For Hunger kindles you, and lawleſs Want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's Bounty roll'd,
To joy at Anguiſh, and delight in Blood,
Is what your horrid Boſoms never knew.

POOR is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare!
Scar'd from the Corn, and now to ſome lone Seat
Retir'd: the ruſhy Fen; the ragged Furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony Heath; the Stubble chapt;
The thiſtly Lawn; the thick entangled Broom;
Of the ſame friendly Hue, the wither'd Fern;
The fallow Ground laid open to the Sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy Bank,
Hung o'er the Mazes of the Mountain-Brook.
Vain is her beſt Precaution; tho ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded Ears; unſleeping Eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' Horizon in;
And Head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy Feet,
In Act to ſpring away. The ſcented Dew
Betrays her early Labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen Openings, far behind,
With every Breeze ſhe hears the coming Storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads

The

The ſighing Gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage Soul of Game is up at once:
The Pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill Horn,
Reſounded from the Hills; the neighing Steed,
Wild for the Chace; and the loud Hunter's Shout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying Creature, all
Mix'd in mad Tumult, and diſcordant Joy.

THE Stag too, ſingled from the Herd, where long
He rang'd the branching Monarch of the Shades,
Before the Tempeſt drives. At firſt, in Speed
He, ſprightly, puts his Faith; and, rous'd by Fear,
Gives all his ſwift aërial Soul to Flight.
Againſt the Breeze he darts, that Way the more
To leave the leſſening murderous Cry behind.
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the Winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd Mountain by the North,
He burſts the Thickets, glances thro' the Glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt Wood.
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the Track
Hot-ſtreaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman Rout, and from the ſhady Depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every Shift.
He ſweeps the Foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
The Glades, mild opening to the golden Day;

Where, in kind Conteſt, with his butting Friends
He wont to ſtruggle, or his Loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending Flood he tries
To loſe the Scent, and lave his burning Sides;
Oft ſeeks the Herd; the watchful Herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh Care avoid a Brother's Woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid Nerves,
So full of buoyant Spirit, now no more
Inſpire the Courſe; but fainting breathleſs Toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his Heart: he ſtands at Bay;
And puts his laſt weak Refuge in Deſpair.
The big round Tears run down his dappled Face;
He groans in Anguiſh; while the growling Pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting Cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd Sides with Gore.

Or this enough. But if the ſilvan Youth
Whoſe fervent Blood boils into Violence,
Muſt have the Chace; behold, deſpiſing Flight,
The rous'd-up Lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended Spear,
And Coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the Cavern, and the troubled Wood,
See the grim Wolf; on him his ſhaggy Foe
Vindictive fix, and let the Ruffian die:

Or

Or, growling horrid, as the brindled Boar
Grins fell Deſtruction, to the Monſter's Heart
Let the Dart lighten from the nervous Arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then
Your ſportive Fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly Robber of the Fold:
Him, from his craggy winding Haunts unearth'd,
Let all the Thunder of the Chace purſue.
Throw the broad Ditch behind you; o'er the Hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep Moraſs
Refuſe, but thro the ſhaking Wilderneſs
Pick your nice Way; into the perilous Flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging Inſtinct full;
And as you ride the Torrent, to the Banks
Your Triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From Rock to Rock, in circling Echos toſt.

BUT if the rougher Sex by this fierce Sport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid Joy
E'er ſtain the Boſom of the BRITISH FAIR.
Far be the Spirit of the Chace from them!
Uncomely Courage, unbeſeeming Skill,
To ſpring the Fence, to rein the prancing Steed,

The Cap, the Whip, the maſculine Attire,
In which they roughen to the Senſe, and all
The winning Softneſs of their Sex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at Woe;
With every Motion, every Word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling Cheek the ready Bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt Violence to ſhrink,
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their Fears;
And by this ſilent Adulation, ſoft,
To their Protection more engaging Man.
O may their Eyes no miſerable Sight,
Save weeping Lovers, ſee! a nobler Game,
Thro' Love's enchanting Wiles purſu'd, yet fled,
In Chace ambiguous. May their tender Limbs
Float in the looſe Simplicity of Dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to Harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated Soul,
In Rapture warbled from love-breathing Lips;
To teach the Lute to languiſh; with ſmooth Step,
Diſcloſing Motion in its every Charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy Dance;
To train the Foliage o'er the ſnowy Lawn;
To guide the Pencil, turn the tuneful Page;
To lend new Flavour to the fruitful Year,

And heighten Nature's Dainties; in their Race
To rear their Graces into ſecond Life;
To give Society its higheſt Taſte;
Well-order'd home Man's beſt Delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive Wiſdom, modeſt Skill,
With every gentle care-eluding Art,
To raiſe the Virtues, animate the Bliſs,
And ſweeten all the Toils of human Life:
This be the female Dignity, and Praiſe.

Ye Swains now haſten to the Hazel-bank;
Where, down yon Dale, the wildly-winding Brook
Falls hoarſe from Steep to Steep. In cloſe Array,
Fit for the Thickets and the tangling Shrub,
Ye Virgins come. For you their lateſt Song
The Woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering Nuts for you
The Lover finds amid the ſecret Shade;
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt Bough,
With active Vigour cruſhes down the Tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning Huſk,
A gloſſy Shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the Ringlets of Melinda's Hair:
Melinda form'd with every Grace compleat,

Yet theſe neglecting, above Beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar Praiſe.

HENCE from the buſy joy-reſounding Fields,
In chearful Error, let us tread the Maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, reviv'd,
The Breath of Orchard big with bending Fruit.
Obedient to the Breeze and beating Ray,
From the deep loaded Bough a mellow Shower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy Pear
Lies, in a ſoft Profuſion, ſcatter'd round.
A various Sweetneſs ſwells the gentle Race;
By Nature's all-refining Hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd Sun, and Water, Earth, and Air,
In ever changing Compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller Night,
The fragrant Stores, the wide-projected Heaps
Of Apples, which the luſty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing Orchard ſhakes.
A various Spirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid Pores; and, active points
The piercing Cyder for the thirſty Tongue:
Thy *Native* Theme, and boon Inſpirer too,
PHILLIPS, *Pomona*'s Bard, the ſecond thou

Who

Who nobly durſt, in Rhyme-unfetter'd Verſe,
With BRITISH Freedom ſing the BRITISH Song;
How, from *Silurian* Vats, high-ſparkling Wines
Foam in tranſparent Floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintry Revels of the labouring Hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the Summer-Hours.

IN this glad Seaſon, while his ſweeteſt Beams
The Sun ſheds equal o'er the meeken'd Day;
Oh loſe me in the green delightful Walks
Of, DODINGTON, thy Seat, ſerene and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every View,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure *Dorſetian* Downs,
In boundleſs Proſpect, yonder ſhagg'd with Wood,
Here rich with Harveſt, and there white with Flocks!
Mean time the Grandeur of thy lofty Dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd Eye.
New Beauties riſe with each revolving Day;
New Columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New Plants to quicken, and new Groves to green.
Full of thy Genius all! the Muſes' Seat;
Where in the ſecret Bower, and winding Walk,
For virtuous YOUNG and Thee they twine the Bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs Thirſt

Of thy Applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring Breeze; and meditate the Book
Of Nature ever open, aiming thence,
Warm from the Heart, to learn the moral Song.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny Wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with Fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing Theme continual prompts my Thought:
Preſents the downy Peach; the ſhining Plumb,
The ruddy, fragrant Nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample Leaf, the luſcious Fig.
The Vine too here her curling Tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her Cluſters, glowing to the South;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer Sky.

Turn we a Moment Fancy's rapid Flight
To vigorous Soils, and Climes of fair Extent;
Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
The Vineyard ſwells refulgent on the Day;
Spreads o'er the Vale; or up the Mountain climbs,
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny Rocks,
From Cliff to Cliff increas'd, the heighten'd Blaze.
Low bend the weighty Boughs. The Cluſters clear,
Half thro the Foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,

Or

Or ſhine tranſparent; while Perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent Film the living Dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted Juice,
Touch'd into Flavour by the mingling Ray;
The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the Field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal Prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the Vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing Swain; the Country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy Flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd Nations pours the Cup of Joy:
The Claret ſmooth, red as the Lip we preſs
In ſparkling Fancy, while we drain the Bowl;
The mellow-taſted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the Wit it gives, the gay Campaign.

Now, by the cool declining Year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious Exhalations, check'd
As up the middle Sky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling Fogs around the Hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a Sweep of Rivers from his Sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears

The rocky long Diviſion, fills the View
With great Variety; but in a Night
Of gathering Vapour, from the baffled Senſe
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge Duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the Plain.
Vaniſh the Woods. The dim-ſeen River ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to rowl the miſty Wave.
Even in the Height of Noon oppreſt, the Sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted Ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd Orb,
He frights the Nations. Indiſtinct on Earth,
Seen thro the turbid Air, beyond the Life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the Waſte
The Shepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper Circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general Fog
Unbounded o'er the World; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey Confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the HEBREW BARD)
Light, uncollected, thro the Chaos urg'd
Its Infant Way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely Train from out the dubious Gloom.

THESE roving Miſts, that conſtant now begin

To ſmoak along the hilly Country, Theſe,
With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows,
The Mountain-Ciſterns fill, thoſe ample Stores
Of Water, ſcoop'd among the hollow Rocks;
Whence guſh the Streams, the ceaſeleſs Fountains play,
And their unfailing Wealth the Rivers draw.
Some Sages ſay, that, where the numerous Wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding Shore,
Drill'd thro' the ſandy *Stratum*, every Way,
The Waters with the ſandy *Stratum* riſe;
Amid whoſe Angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy Salts behind,
And clear and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs Fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous Vale it ſprings;
But to the Mountain courted by the Sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful Maze,
Far from the Parent-Main, it boils again
Freſh into Day; and all the glittering Hill
Is bright with ſpouting Rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive Dream! why ſhould the Waters love
To take ſo far a Journey to the Hills,
When the ſweet Valleys offer to their Toil
Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?

Or if, by blind Ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken Mountain's ruſhy Dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt Peak, deſert
Th' attractive Sand that charm'd their Courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating Salts
The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak
Their ſecret Channels; or, by ſlow Degrees,
High as the Hills protrude the ſwelling Vales:
Old Ocean too, ſuck'd thro' the porous Globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid Bed,
And brought *Deucalion*'s watry Times again.

Say then, where lurk the vaſt eternal Springs,
That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
From mortal Eye, yet with their laviſh Stores
Refreſh the Globe, and all its joyous Tribes?
O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyſs,
O lay the Mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden Structure to th' aſtoniſh'd View!
Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny Load,
The huge Incumbrance of horrific Woods

From

From *Aſian Taurus*, from *Imaüs* ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving *Tartar*'s ſullen Bounds!
Give opening *Hemus* to my ſearching Eye,
And high *Olympus* pouring many a Stream!
O from the ſounding Summits of the North,
The *Dofrine Hills*, thro *Scandinavia* roll'd
To fartheſt *Lapland* and the frozen Main;
From lofty *Caucaſus*, far-ſeen by Thoſe
Who in the *Caſpian* and black *Euxine* toil;
From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Ruſs*
Believes the † *ſtony Girdle* of the World;
And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm,
Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely Floods;
O ſweep th' eternal Snows! Hung o'er the Deep,
That ever works beneath his ſounding Baſe,
Bid *Atlas*, propping Heaven, as Poets feign,
His ſubterranean Wonders ſpread! unveil
The miny Caverns, blazing on the Day,
Of *Abyſſinia*'s Cloud-compelling Cliffs,

And

† *The* Moſcovites *call the* Riphean *Mountains* Weliki Camenypoys, *that is*, the great ſtony Girdle; *becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole Earth.*

And of the bending * *Mountains of the Moon!*
O'ertopping all theſe Giant-Sons of Earth,
Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy Seas that thunder round
The ſouthern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold!
Amazing Scene! Behold! the Glooms diſcloſe,
I ſee the Rivers in their infant Beds!
Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
The gaping Fiſſures to receive the Rains,
The melting Snows, and ever-dripping Fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the Sands,
The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,
The guttur'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefts;
That, while the ſtealing Moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its Motion, and forbid its Waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe Drains,
I ſee the rocky Siphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty Reſervoirs, of harden'd Chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted Clay, capacious form'd.

O'er-

* *A Range of Mountains in* Africa, *that ſurround almoſt all* Monomotapa.

O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores,
The cryſtal Treaſures of the liquid World,
Thro' the ſtirr'd Sands a bubbling Paſſage burſt;
And welling out, around the middle Steep,
Or from the Bottoms of the boſom'd Hills,
In pure Effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air,
The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd
Theſe Vapours in continual Current draw,
And ſend 'em, o'er the fair-divided Earth,
In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again,
A ſocial Commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted Harmony of Things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing Gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The Swallow-People; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm Sky, in Convolution ſwift,
The feather'd Eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry Slumbers they retire,
In Cluſters clung, beneath the mouldring Bank,
And where, unpierc'd by Froſt, the Cavern ſweats:
Or rather into warmer Climes convey'd,
With other kindred Birds of Seaſon, there

They

They twitter chearful, till the vernal Months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous Wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loſes his majeſtic Force
In *Belgian* Plains, won from the raging Deep,
By Diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable Hand of Liberty,
The Stork-Aſſembly meets; for many a Day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous Voyage thro the liquid Sky.
And now their Rout deſign'd, their Leaders choſe,
Their Tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous Wings,
And many a Circle, many a ſhort Eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in Congregation full,
The figur'd Flight aſcends; and, riding high
Th' aërial Billows, mixes with the Clouds.

Or where the *Northern* Ocean, in vaſt Whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy Iſles
Of fartheſt *Thulè*, and th' *Atlantic* Surge
Pours in among the ſtormy *Hebrides*,
Who can recount what Tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? What Nations come and go?

And

And how the living Clouds on Clouds ariſe?
Infinite Wings! till all the Plume-dark Air,
And rude reſounding Shore are one wild Cry.

HERE the plain harmleſs Native his ſmall Flock,
And Herd diminutive of many Hues,
Tends on the little Iſland's verdant Swell,
The Shepherd's ſea-girt Reign; or, to the Rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious Food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy Shore; or treaſures up
The Plumage, riſing full, to form the Bed
Of Luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean Scene,
Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic View;
Her airy Mountains, from the waving Main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive Sky,
Breathing the Soul acute; her Foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's Hand
Planted of old; her azure Lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watry Wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile Vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming Flood
Waſh'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-Stream*,
Whoſe paſtoral Banks firſt heard my *Doric* Reed,

With,

With, ſilvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
To where the North-inflated Tempeſt foams
O'er *Orca*'s or *Betubium*'s higheſt Peak:
Nurſe of a People, in Misfortune's School
Train'd up to hardy Deeds, ſoon viſited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* Rage
She took her weſtern Flight. A manly Race,
Of unſubmitting Spirit, wiſe, and brave,
Who ſtill thro bleeding Ages ſtruggled hard,
(As well unhappy WALLACE can atteſt,
Great Patriot-Heroe! ill-requited Chief!)
To hold a generous undiminiſh'd State;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal Bounds
Impatient, and by tempting Glory borne
O'er every Land, for every Land their Life
Has flow'd profuſe, their piercing Genius plan'd,
And ſwell'd the Pomp of Peace their faithful Toil:
As from their own clear North, in radiant Streams,
Bright over *Europe* burſts the *Boreal Morn*.

OH is there not ſome Patriot, in whoſe Power
That beſt that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of bleſſing Thouſands, Thouſands yet unborn,
Thro late Poſterity? ſome, large of Soul,

To

To chear dejected Induſtry, to give
A double Harveſt to the pining Swain,
And teach the labouring Hand the Sweets of Toil;
How, by the fineſt Art, the native Robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean Snow,
To form the lucid Lawn; with venturous Oar
How to daſh wide the Billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while *Batavian* Fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny Swarms,
That heave our Friths, and croud upon our Shores;
How all-enlivening Trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſperous Sail, from every growing Port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-incircled Globe;
And thus, in Soul united as in Name,
Bid BRITAIN reign the Miſtreſs of the Deep?

YES, there are ſuch. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
Her Hope, her Stay, her Darling, and her Boaſt,
From her firſt Patriots and her Heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her Eye;
In thee, with all a Mother's Triumph, ſees
Her every Virtue, every Grace combin'd,
Her Genius, Wiſdom, her engaging Turn,
Her Pride of Honour, and her Courage try'd,

Calm,

Calm, and intrepid, in the very Throat
Of ſulphurous War, on *Tenier*'s dreadful Field.
Nor leſs the Palm of Peace inwreathes thy Brow:
For, powerful as thy Sword, from thy rich Tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high Debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the Charm of Youth,
The Force of Manhood, and the Depth of Age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every Worth attends,
As Truth ſincere, as weeping Friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in Silence great,
Thy Country feels thro her reviving Arts,
Plan'd by thy Wiſdom, by thy Soul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a Friend like thee.

BUT ſee the fading many-colour'd Woods,
Shade deepening over Shade, the Country round
Imbrown; a crouded Umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every Hue, from wan declining Green
To ſooty Dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown Walks,
And give the Seaſon in its lateſt View.

MEAN-TIME, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober Calm
Fleeces unbounded Ether; whoſe leaſt Wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn

The

The gentle Current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,
And thro their lucid Veil his ſoften'd Force
Shed o'er the peaceful World. Then is the Time
For Thoſe, whom Wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate Croud,
And ſoar above this little Scene of Things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet;
To ſooth the throbbing Paſſions into Peace;
And wooe lone Quiet in her ſilent Walks.

Thus ſolitary, and in penſive Guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet Mead,
And thro' the ſadden'd Grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying Strain, to chear the Woodman's Toil.
Haply ſome widow'd Songſter pours his Plaint,
Far, in faint Warblings, thro the tawny Copſe.
While congregated Thruſhes, Linnets, Larks,
And each wild Throat, whoſe artleſs Strains ſo late
Swell'd all the Muſic of the ſwarming Shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful Souls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead Tree, a dull deſpondent Flock,
With not a Brightneſs waving o'er their Plumes,
And nought ſave chattering Diſcord in their Note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman Eye,

The Gun the Muſic of the coming Year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting Harm,
Lay the weak Tribes, a miſerable Prey,
In mingled Murder, fluttering on the Ground!

The pale deſcending Year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler Mood inſpires; for now the Leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful Grove.
Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles thro the waving Air.
But ſhould a quicker Breeze amid the Boughs
Sob, o'er the Sky the leafy Deluge ſtreams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary Shower,
The Foreſt-Walks, at every riſing Gale,
Roll wide the wither'd Waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted Verdure of the Fields;
And, ſhrunk into their Beds, the flowery Race
Their ſunny Robes reſign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of ſtronger Fruits falls from the naked Tree;
And Woods, Fields, Gardens, Orchards, all around
The deſolated Proſpect thrills the Soul.

He comes! he comes! in every Breeze the Power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near Approach the ſudden-ſtarting Tear,

The glowing Cheek, the mild dejected Air,
The ſoften'd Feature, and the beating Heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous Pang, declare.
O'er all the Soul his ſacred Influence breathes;
Inflames Imagination; thro the Breaſt
Infuſes every Tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim Earth exalts the ſwelling Thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet Ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar Dream,
Croud faſt into the Mind's creative Eye:
As faſt the correſpondent Paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To Rapture, and divine Aſtoniſhment;
The Love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human Race; the large ambitious Wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the Sigh for ſuffering Worth,
Loſt in Obſcurity; the noble Scorn,
Of Tyrant-Pride; the fearleſs great Reſolve;
The Wonder which the dying Patriot draws,
Inſpiring Glory thro remoteſt Time;
Th' awaken'd Throb for Virtue, and for Fame;
The Sympathies of Love, and Friendſhip dear;
With all the ſocial Offspring of the Heart.

Oh bear me then to vaſt embowering Shades,

To

To twilight Groves, and viſionary Vales;
To weeping Grottoes, and prophetic Glooms;
Where Angel Forms athwart the ſolemn Duſk,
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along,
And Voices more than human, thro' the Void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic Ear!

Or is this Gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers,
That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat
Preſide, which ſhining thro the chearful Land
In countleſs Numbers bleſt Britannia ſees;
O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,
The fair Majeſtic Paradiſe of Stowe *!
Not *Perſian Cyrus* on *Iönia*'s Shore,
E'er ſaw ſuch ſilvan Scenes; ſuch various Art
By Genius fir'd, ſuch ardent Genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art; that, in the Strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pit, thy Country's early Boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſhelter'd Slopes,
Or in that † *Temple* where, in future Times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd Name;
And, with thy Converſe bleſt, catch the laſt Smiles

Of

* *The Seat of the Lord Viſcount* Cobham.

† *The Temple of Virtue in* Stowe-Gardens.

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods.
While there with Thee th' inchanted Round I walk,
The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in Thought the Groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy ſtandard Taſte refine her own,
Correct her Pencil to the pureſt Truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd Shades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human Mind.
O if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* Hand,
Shall draw the Tragic Scene, inſtruct Her thou,
To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,
What every decent Character requires,
And every Paſſion ſpeaks: O thro her Strain
Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive Senate, charms, perſuades, exalts,
Of honeſt Zeal th' indignant Lightning throws,
And ſhakes Corruption on her venal Throne.
While thus we talk, and thro *Elyſian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh eſcapes:
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant Files
Of order'd Trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field,
And long-embattled Hoſts! When the proud Foe
The faithleſs vain Diſturber of Mankind,
Inſulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the World to War;
When keen, once more, within their Bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſh'd Robbers, thoſe ambitious Slaves,

The British Youth would hail thy wise Command,
Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill.

The Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,
In her chill Progress, to the Ground condens'd
The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze,
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled Lawn. Mean-while the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro the scatter'd Clouds,
Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk,
Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
And Caverns deep, as optic Tube descries,
A smaller Earth, gives all his Blaze again,
Void of its Flame, and sheds a softer Day.
Now thro the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd Mountain to the shadowy Vale,
While Rocks and Floods reflect the quivering Gleam,
The whole Air whitens with a boundless Tide
Of silver Radiance, trembling round the World.

But when half-blotted from the Sky her Light,
Fainting, permits the starry Fires to burn,
With keener Luster thro the Depth of Heaven;

Or

Or quite extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs White;
Oft in this Seaſon, ſilent from the North
A Blaze of Meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower Skies, they all at once converge
High to the Crown of Heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All Ether courſing in a Maze of Light.

FROM Look to Look, contagious thro the Croud,
The Pannic runs, and into wondrous Shapes
Th' Appearance throws: Armies in meet Array,
Throng'd with aërial Spears, and Steeds of Fire;
Till the long Lines of full-extended War
In bleeding Fight commixt, the ſanguine Flood
Rolls a-broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary Scene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious Din,
Incontinent; and buſy Frenzy talks
Of Blood and Battle; Cities over-turn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing Earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending Flame;
Of ſallow Famine, Inundation, Storm;
Of Peſtilence, and every great Diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling Fate has ſtruck
Th' unalterable Hour: even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.

Not ſo the Man of philoſophic Eye,
And Inſpect ſage; the waving Brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The Cauſes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the Night begins to fall,
A Shade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching Gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are Heaven and Earth.
Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay Variety
One univerſal Blot: ſuch the fair Power
Of Light, to kindle and create the Whole.
Drear is the State of the benighted Wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro the Dark,
Full of pale Fancies, and Chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive Ray,
From Cottage ſtreaming, or from airy Hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the Root of ſlimy Ruſhes, blue,
The Wild-fire ſcatters round, or gather'd trails
A Length of Flame deceitful o'er the Moſs;
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtick Blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and Horſe, amid the miry Gulph:
While ſtill, from Day to Day, his pining Wife,
And plaintive Children his Return await,
In wild Conjecture loſt. At other Times,

Sent

Sent by the *better Genius* of the Night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the Horſe's Mane,
The Meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow Path,
That winding leads thro Pits of Death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous Ford.

The lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy Beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt Autumnal Day.
And now the mounting Sun diſpels the Fog;
The rigid Hoar-Froſt melts before his Beam;
And hung on every Spray, on every Blade
Of Graſs, the myriad Dew-Drops twinkle round.

Ah ſee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that Pit,
Lies the ſtill heaving Hive! at Evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the Cloud of Guilt-concealing Night,
And fix'd o'er Sulphur: while, not dreaming Ill,
The happy People, in their waxen Cells,
Sat tending public Cares, and planning Schemes
Of Temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious Stores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive Steam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder Scents, the tender Race,
By thouſands, tumbles from their honey'd Domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the Duſt.
And was it then for This you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from Flower to Flower? for This you toil'd

Ceaſleſs the burning Summer-Heats away?
For This in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming Waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny Gleam? for this ſad Fate?
O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your Rage,
Awaiting Renovation? when oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial Food
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt Return,
Afford them Shelter from the wintry Winds;
Or, as the ſharp Year pinches, with their Own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling Day?
See where the ſtony Bottom of their Town
Looks deſolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs Number, who the ruin'd State
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to Death.
Thus a proud City, populous and rich,
Full of the Works of Peace, and high in Joy,
At Theater or Feaſt, or ſunk in Sleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread Earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd,
Sheer from the black Foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a Gulph of blue ſulphureous Flame.

HENCE every harſher Sight! for now the Day,
O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite Splendor! wide inveſting All.
How ſtill the Breeze! ſave what the filmy Threads
Of Dew evaporate bruſhes from the Plain.

How

How clear the cloudleſs Sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar Blue! th' ethereal Arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant Sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded Earth! the Harveſt-Treaſures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the Rage of Storms,
Sure to the Swain; the circling Fence ſhut up;
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt Rage defy'd.
While, looſe to feſtive Joy, the Country round
Laughs with the loud Sincerity of Mirth,
Shook to the Wind their Cares. The Toil-ſtrung Youth
By the quick Senſe of Muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively Dance.
Her every Charm abroad, the Village-Toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native Beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning Looks; and, where her Eye
Points an approving Smile, with double Force,
The Cudgel rattles, and the Wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The Feats of Youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's Sun, their annual Toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing Round.

O H knew he but his Happineſs, of Men
The happieſt he! who far from public Rage,
Deep in the Vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure Pleaſures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho the Dome be wanting, whoſe proud Gate,

Each Morning, vomits out the ſneaking Croud
Of Flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile Intercourſe! What tho the glittering Robe,
Of every Hue reflected Light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy Gold,
The Pride and Gaze of Fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho, from utmoſt Land and Sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary Life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate Table heaps
With Luxury, and Death? What tho his Bowl
Flames not with coſtly Juice; nor ſunk in Beds,
Oft of gay Care, he toſſes out the Night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs Hours in idle State?
What tho he knows not thoſe fantaſtic Joys,
That ſtill amuſe the Wanton, ſtill deceive;
A Face of Pleaſure, but a Heart of Pain;
Their hollow Moments undelighted all?
Sure Peace is his; a ſolid Life, eſtrang'd
To Diſappointment, and fallacious Hope:
Rich in Content, in Nature's Bounty rich,
In Herbs and Fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When Heaven deſcends in Showers; or bends the Bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the Wintry Glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt Sap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky Drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing Vale;
Nor bleating Mountains; nor the Chide of Streams,

And

And Hum of Bees, inviting Sleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs Breaſt, beneath the Shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant Hay;
Nor aught beſides of Proſpect, Grove, or Song,
Dim Grottoes, gleaming Lakes, and Fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple Truth; plain Innocence;
Unſully'd Beauty; ſound unbroken Youth,
Patient of Labour, with a Little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious Toil;
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.

Let others brave the Flood in Queſt of Gain,
And beat, for joyleſs Months, the gloomy Wave.
Let ſuch as deem it Glory to deſtroy
Ruſh into Blood, the Sack of Cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the Widow's Wail,
The Virgin's Shriek, and Infant's trembling Cry.
Let ſome, far-diſtant from their native Soil,
Urg'd or by Want or harden'd Avarice,
Find other Lands beneath another Sun.
Let This thro Cities work his eager Way,
By legal Outrage, and eſtabliſh'd Guile,
The ſocial Senſe extinct; and That ferment
Mad into Tumult the ſeditious Herd,
Or melt them down to Slavery. Let Theſe
Inſnare the Wretched in the Toils of Law,
Fomenting Diſcord, and perplexing Right,
An iron Race! and Thoſe of fairer Front,

But equal Inhumanity, in Courts,
Deluſive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep Bow, diffuſe the lying Smile,
And tread the weary Labyrinth of State.
While He, from all the ſtormy Paſſions free
That reſtleſs Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the Human Tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious Peace. The Fall of Kings,
The Rage of Nations, and the Cruſh of States,
Move not the Man, who, from the World eſcap'd,
In ſtill Retreats, and flowery Solitudes,
To Nature's Voice attends, from Month to Month,
And Day to Day, thro the revolving Year;
Admiring, ſees Her in her every Shape;
Feels all her ſweet Emotions at his Heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting Gems,
Marks the firſt Bud, and ſucks the healthful Gale
Into his freſhen'd Soul; her genial Hours
He full enjoys; and not a Beauty blows,
And not an opening Bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living Shade,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempè* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muſe, of Theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal Numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes; and, oft an Eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous Year.
When Autumn's yellow Luſter gilds the World,

And tempts the ſickled Swain into the Field,
Seiz'd by the general Joy, his Heart diſtends
With gentle Throws; and, thro the tepid Gleams
Deep-muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his Song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of Bliſs.
The mighty Tempeſt, and the hoary Waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the bury'd Earth,
Awake to ſolemn Thought. At Night the Skies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining Froſt,
Pour every Luſter on th' exalted Eye.
A Friend a Book the ſtealing Hours ſecure,
And mark them down for Wiſdom. With ſwift Wing,
O'er Land and Sea Imagination roams;
Or Truth, divinely breaking on his Mind,
Elates his Being, and unfolds his Powers;
Or in his Breaſt Heroic Virtue burns.
The Touch of Kindred too and Love he feels;
The modeſt Eye, whoſe Beams on His alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong Embrace
Of prattling Children, twin'd around his Neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental Soul. Nor Purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, Dance, or Song, he ſternly ſcorns;
For Happineſs and true Philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling Kind.
This is the Life which thoſe who fret in Guilt,
And guilty Cities, never knew; the Life,

Led by primeval Ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

Oh Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Inrich me with the Knowledge of thy Works!
Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling Wonders there,
World beyond World, in infinite Extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void Immense,
Shew me; their Motions, Periods, and their Laws,
Give me to scan; thro the disclosing Deep
Light my blind Way: the mineral *Strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable World;
O'er that the rising System, more complex,
Of Animals; and higher still, the Mind,
The vary'd Scene of quick-compounded Thought,
And where the mixing Passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd Eye:
A Search, the Flight of Time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the Blood,
In sluggish Streams about my Heart, forbid
That *best* Ambition; under closing Shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly Brook,
And whisper to my Dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my Song;
And let me never never stray from Thee!

WINTER.

H. Kent inv. et del. P. Foudrinier Sculp.

WINTER.

WINTER.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. *First Approach of Winter. According to the natural Course of the Season, various Storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the Snows: A Man perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Wants and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the* Alps *and* Apennines. *A Winter-Evening described: as spent by Philosophers; by the Country People; in the City. Frost. A View of Winter within the* polar Circle. *A Thaw. The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a future State.*

WINTER.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
Sullen, and ſad, with all his riſing Train;
Vapours, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be theſe my Theme,
Theſe, that exalt the Soul to ſolemn Thought,
And heavenly Muſing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Cogenial Horrors, hail! with frequent Foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
When nurs'd by careleſs Solitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing Joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain;
Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep fermenting Tempeſt brew'd,
In the grim Evening-Sky. Thus paſs'd the Time,
Till thro' the lucid Chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and ſmil'd.

TO Thee, the Patron of *this firſt* Eſſay,
The Muſe, O WILMINGTON! renews her Song.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving Year:

Skim'd

Skim'd the gay Spring; on Eagle-Pinions borne,
Attempted thro the Summer-Blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy Gale;
And now among the Wintry Clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling Storm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her Note with all the ruſhing Winds;
To ſuit her ſounding Cadence to the Floods;
As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging Ear
With bold Deſcription, and with manly Thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful Schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty People thrive:
But equal Goodneſs, ſound Integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted Soul
Amid a ſliding Age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal,
A ſteady Spirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the Stateſman light
Into the Patriot; Theſe, the publick Hope
And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what Envy dares not Flattery call.

Now when the chearleſs Empire of the Sky
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
And fierce *Aquarius*, ſtains th' inverted Year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt Verge of Heaven, the Sun
Scarce ſpreads o'er Ether the dejected Day.
Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot

His

His ſtruggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,
Thro the thick Air; as cloath'd in cloudy Storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the Southern Sky;
And, ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark Night,
Wide-ſhading All, the proſtrate World reſigns.
Nor is the Night unwiſh'd; while vital Heat,
Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forſake.
Mean-time, in ſable Cincture, Shadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds,
And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven
Involve the Face of Things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy Gloom oppreſſive o'er the World,
Thro Nature ſhedding Influence malign,
And rouſes up the Seeds of dark Diſeaſe.
The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life,
And black with more than melancholy Views.
The Cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd Land,
Freſh from the Plow, the dun diſcolour'd Flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome Root.
Along the Woods, along the mooriſh Fens,
Sighs the ſad *Genius* of the coming Storm;
And up among the looſe disjointed Cliffs,
And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook
And Cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow Moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's Ear.

THEN comes the Father of the Tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black Glooms. Firſt joyleſs Rains obſcure

Drive

Drive thro the mingling Skies with Vapour foul;
Dash on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly Plain
Lies a brown Deluge; as the low-bent Clouds
Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into Night shut up
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his Home, retire; save Those that love
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool.
The Cattle from th'untasted Fields return,
And ask, with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade.
Thither the houshold feathery People croud,
The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the Cottage-Hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening Blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple Frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

WIDE o'er the Brim, with many a Torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd Ruin of its Banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up River pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
Tumbling thro Rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded Valley floating spreads,

Calm,

Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again conſtrain'd,
Between two meeting Hills it burſts a Way,
Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream;
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro.

NATURE! great Parent! whoſe unceaſing Hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful Year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy Works!
With what a pleaſing Dread they ſwell the Soul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous Sweep, I raiſe my Voice to you.
Where are your Stores, ye powerful Beings! ſay,
Where your aërial Magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding Terrors of the Storm?
In what far-diſtant Region of the Sky,
Huſh'd in deep Silence, ſleep you when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the palid Sky the Sun deſcends,
With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery Streaks
Begin to fluſh around. The reeling Clouds
Stagger with dizzy Poiſe, as doubting yet
Which Maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd Eaſt, the Moon
Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns.
Seen thro the turbid fluctuating Air,

The Stars obtuſe emit a ſhivering Ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the Gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf;
And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats.
With broaden'd Noſtrils to the Sky upturn'd,
The conſcious Heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy Gale.
Even as the Matron, at her nightly Taſk,
With penſive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,
The waſted Taper and the crackling Flame
Foretel the Blaſt. But chief the plumy Race,
The Tenants of the Sky, its Changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
They pick'd their ſcanty Fare, a blackening Train
Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight,
And ſeek the cloſing Shelter of the Grove.
Aſſiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl
Plies his ſad Song. The Cormorant on high
Wheels from the Deep, and ſcreams along the Land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring Hern; and with wild Wing
The circling Sea-Fowl cleave the flaky Clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken Tide
And blind Commotion heaves; while from the Shore,
Eat into Caverns by the reſtleſs Wave,
And Foreſt-ruſtling Mountain, comes a Voice,
That ſolemn-ſounding bids the World prepare.
Then iſſues forth the Storm with ſudden Burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated Air,

Down,

Down, in a Torrent. On the paſſive Main
Deſcends th' etherial Force, and with ſtrong Guſt
Turns from its Bottom the diſcolour'd Deep.
Thro' the black Night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging Waves to burn;
Meantime the Mountain-Billows, to the Clouds
In dreadful Tumult ſwell'd, Surge above Surge,
Burſt into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive,
Wild as the Winds acroſs the howling Waſte
Of mighty Waters: now th' inflated Wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret Chambers of the Deep,
The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their Head.
Emerging thence again, before the Breath
Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their Courſe,
And dart on diſtant Coaſts; if ſome ſharp Rock,
Or Shoal inſidious break not their Career,
And in looſe Fragments fling them floating round.

Nor leſs at Land the looſen'd Tempeſt reigns.
The Mountain thunders; and its ſturdy Sons
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight Steep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring Stranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the Blaſt.
Low waves the rooted Foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds

What

What of its tarniſh'd Honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing Wind's
Aſſiduous Fury, its gigantic Limbs.
Thus ſtruggling thro' the diſſipated Grove,
The whirling Tempeſt raves along the Plain;
And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid Baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking Dome,
For Entrance eager, howls the ſavage Blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, thro all the burthen'd Air,
Long Groans are heard, ſhrill Sounds, and diſtant Sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death.

Huge Uproar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd
With Stars ſwift-gliding ſweep along the Sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous Darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the Wings of the careering Wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a Calm;
Then ſtraight Air Sea and Earth are huſh'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight deep. The weary Clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid Gloom.
Now, while the drowſy World lies loſt in Sleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her ſedate Compeer;

Let

Let me ſhake off th' intruſive Cares of Day,
And lay the meddling Senſes all aſide.

WHERE now, ye lying Vanities of Life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!
Where are you now? and what is your Amount?
Vexation, Diſappointment, and Remorſe.
Sad, ſickening Thought! and yet deluded Man,
A Scene of crude disjointed Viſions paſt,
And broken Slumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-flaſh'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round.

FATHER of Light and Life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,
From every low Purſuit! and feed my Soul
With Knowledge, conſcious Peace, and Virtue pure,
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading Bliſs!

THE keener Tempeſts come: and fuming dun
From all the livid Eaſt, or piercing North,
Thick Clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious Womb
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy World along;
And the Sky ſaddens with the gather'd Storm.
Thro the huſh'd Air the whitening Shower deſcends,
At firſt thin-wavering; till at laſt the Flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the Day,

With a continual Flow. The cheriſh'd Fields
Put on their Winter-Robe, of pureſt White.
'Tis Brightneſs all; ſave where the new Snow melts,
Along the mazy Current. Low, the Woods
Bow their hoar Head; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the Weſt emits his Evening Ray,
Earth's univerſal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling Waſte, that buries wide
The Works of Man. Drooping, the Labourer-Ox
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel Seaſon, croud around
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon
Which PROVIDENCE aſſigns them. One alone,
The Red-Breaſt, ſacred to the houſhold Gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
In joyleſs Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
His ſhivering Mates, and pays to truſted Man
His annual Viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the Window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm Hearth; then, hopping o'er the Floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling Family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs
Attract his ſlender Feet. The foodleſs Wilds
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,
Tho timorous of Heart, and hard beſet
By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,

And more unpitying Men, the Garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the gliſtening Earth,
With Looks of dumb Deſpair; then, ſad-diſpers'd,
Dig for the wither'd Herb thro Heaps of Snow.

Now, Shepherds, to your helpleſs Charge be kind,
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens
With Food at Will; lodge them below the Storm,
And watch them ſtrict: for from the bellowing Eaſt,
In this dire Seaſon, oft the Whirlwind's Wing
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains
In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapleſs Flocks,
Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
The billowy Tempeſt whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The Valley to a ſhining Mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a Wreath, high-curling in the Sky.

As thus the Snows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd Air;
In his own looſe-revolving Fields, the Swain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other Hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs Brow; and other Scenes,
Of horrid Proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs Plain:
Nor finds the River, nor the Foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs Wild; but wanders on
From Hill to Dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro the drifted Heaps,

Stung with the Thoughts of Home; the Thoughts of Home
Ruſh on his Nerves, and call their Vigour forth
In many a vain Attempt. How ſinks his Soul!
What black Deſpair, what Horror fills his Heart!
When for the duſky Spot, which Fancy feign'd
His tufted Cottage riſing thro the Snow,
He meets the Roughneſs of the middle Waſte,
Far from the Track, and bleſt Abode of Man;
While round him Night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every Tempeſt, howling o'er his Head,
Renders the ſavage Wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy Shapes into his Mind,
Of cover'd Pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire Deſcent! beyond the Power of Froſt,
Of faithleſs Bogs; of Precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with Snow; and, what is Land unknown,
What Water, of the ſtill unfrozen Spring,
In the looſe Marſh or ſolitary Lake,
Where the freſh Fountain from the Bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful Steps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the Shelter of the ſhapeleſs Drift,
Thinking o'er all the Bitterneſs of Death,
Mix'd with the tender Anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro the wrung Boſom of the dying Man,
His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious Wife prepares
The Fire fair-blazing, and the Veſtment warm;
In vain his little Children, peeping out

Into the mingling Storm, demand their Sire,
With Tears of artleſs Innocence. Alas!
Nor Wife, nor Children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor Friends, nor ſacred Home. On every Nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes; ſhuts up Senſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt Vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the Snows, a ſtiffen'd Corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern Blaſt.

Ah little think the gay licentious Proud,
Whom Pleaſure, Power, and Affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs Hours in giddy Mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, Riot waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very Moment, Death
And all the ſad Variety of Pain.
How many ſink in the devouring Flood,
Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common Air, and common Uſe
Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
Of Miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid Hut
Of chearleſs Poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind,
Unbounded Paſſion, Madneſs, Guilt, Remorſe;

Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
They furniſh Matter for the Tragic Muſe.
Even in the Vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt Paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd Diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the Death-bed of their deareſt Friends,
And point the parting Anguiſh. Thought fond Man
Of Theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs Ills,
That one inceſſant Struggle render Life,
One Scene of Toil, of Suffering, and of Fate,
Vice in his high Career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious Heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide Wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial Tear would riſe, the ſocial Sigh;
And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial Paſſions work.

And here can I forget the generous * Band,
Who, touch'd with human Woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?
Unpity'd, and unheard, where Miſery moans;
Where Sickneſs pines; where Thirſt and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the Laſh of Vice.
While in the Land of Liberty, the Land
Whoſe every Street and public Meeting glow

With

* *The Jail-Committee, in the Year* 1729.

With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean Morſel from the ſtarving Mouth;
Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd Weed;
Even robb'd them of the laſt of Comforts, Sleep;
The free-born BRITON to the Dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the Luſt of Cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes;
And cruſh'd out Lives, by ſecret barbarous Ways,
That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great Deſign! if executed well,
With patient Care, and Wiſdom-temper'd Zeal.
Ye Sons of Mercy! yet reſume the Search;
Drag forth the legal Monſters into Light,
Wrench from their Hands Oppreſſion's iron Rod,
And bid the Cruel feel the Pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank Age,
Much is the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd.
The Toils of Law, (what dark inſidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth,
And lengthen ſimple Juſtice into Trade)
How glorious were the Day! that ſaw Theſe broke,
And every Man within the Reach of Right.

By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract
Of horrid Mountains which the ſhining *Alps*,
And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenees*,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant Lands;
Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!

Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling Wolves in raging Troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,
Keen as the North-Wind ſweeps the gloſſy Snow.
All is their Prize. They faſten on the Steed,
Preſs him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.
Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering Savages away.
Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming Infant from her Breaſt.
The godlike Face of Man avails him nought.
Even Beauty, Force divine! at whoſe bright Glance
The generous Lion ſtands in ſoften'd Gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd Prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere Attack,
The Country be ſhut up, lur'd by the Scent,
On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded Body from the Grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghoſts, they howl.

Among thoſe hilly Regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful Vales the happy *Griſons* dwell;
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded Cliffs,
Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll.
From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry Waſte in dire Commotion all;
And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,

And ſometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,
Or Hamlets ſleeping in the Dead of Night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering Ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,
Between the groaning Foreſt and the Shore,
Beat by the boundleſs Multitude of Waves,
A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary, Scene;
Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,
To chear the Gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high Converſe with the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of antient Time, as Gods rever'd,
As Gods beneficent, who bleſt Mankind
With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring Thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd Volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred Shades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering Eyes. Firſt SOCRATES,
Who firmly good in a corrupted State,
Againſt the Rage of Tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy Law,
That *Voice* of GOD within th' attentive Mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in Life, or Death:
Great Moral Teacher! *Wiſeſt of Mankind!*
SOLON the next, who built his Common-Weal
On Equity's wide Baſe; by *tender* Laws

A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar Fire,
Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,
And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The Pride of ſmiling GREECE, and Human-kind.
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the Force
Of ſtricteſt Diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human Paſſions. Following Him, I ſee,
As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,
The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by Deeds
The hardeſt Leſſon which the *other* taught.
Then ARISTIDES lifts his honeſt Front;
Spotleſs of Heart, to whom th' unflattering Voice
Of Freedom gave the nobleſt Name of *Juſt*;
In pure majeſtic Poverty rever'd;
Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † *Rival's* Fame.
Rear'd by his Care, of ſofter Ray, appears
CIMON ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe Genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the Load of young Debauch; abroad
The Scourge of *Perſian* Pride, at home the Friend
Of every Worth and every ſplendid Art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the Pomp of Wealth.
Then the laſt Worthies of declining GREECE,
Late-call'd to Glory, in *unequal* Times,
Penſive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* Boaſt,
TIMOLEON,

* LEONIDAS.
† THEMISTOCLES.

TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the * THEBAN PAIR,
Whoſe Virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
He too, with whom *Athenian* Honour ſunk,
And left a Maſs of ſordid Lees behind,
PHOCION the *Good*; in public Life ſevere,
To Virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious Roof,
Sweet Peace and happy Wiſdom ſmooth'd his Brow,
Not Friendſhip ſofter was, nor Love more kind.
And He, the *laſt* of old LYCURGUS' Sons,
The generous Victim to that vain Attempt,
To ſave a rotten State, AGIS, who ſaw
Even SPARTA's ſelf to ſervile Avarice ſunk.
The two *Achaian* Heroes cloſe the Train.
ARATUS, who a while relum'd the Soul
Of fondly lingering Liberty in GREECE:
And He her Darling as her lateſt Hope,
The *gallant* PHILOPEMON; who to Arms
Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his Farm, a ſimple Swain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the Field.

OF rougher Front, a mighty People come!
A Race of Heroes! in thoſe virtuous Times

* PELOPIDAS, *and* EPAMINONDAS.

Which knew no Stain, ſave that with partial Flame
Their *deareſt* Country they *too fondly* lov'd.
Her *better Founder* firſt, the Light of ROME,
NUMA, who ſoften'd her rapacious Sons.
SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the ſolid Baſe
On which o'er Earth the *vaſt Republic* ſpread.
Then the great Conſuls venerable riſe.
The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
As on the dread Tribunal ſternly ſad.
He, whom his thankleſs Country *could not* loſe,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her Foes.
FABRICIUS, Scorner of all-conquering Gold;
And CINCINNATUS, awful from the Plow.
Thy † WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, burſting looſe
From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command.
SCIPIO, the *gentle Chief*, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the Race of ſpotleſs Glory ran,
And, warm in Youth, to the *Poetic Shade*
With *Friendſhip* and *Philoſophy* retir'd.
TULLY, whoſe powerful Eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the *rapid* Fate of ruſhing ROME.
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*.
And Thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of Heart,
Whoſe ſteady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,

Lifted

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.
† REGULUS.

Lifted the *Roman Steel* againſt thy *Friend.*
Thouſands, beſides, the Tribute of a Verſe
Demand; but who can count the Stars of Heaven?
Who ſing their Influence on this lower World?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in ſober State,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal Sun:
'Tis *Phœbus'* ſelf, or elſe the *Mantuan Swain!*
Great HOMER too appears, of daring Wing,
Parent of Song! and *equal* by his Side,
The BRITISH MUSE; join'd Hand in Hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe Shades, whoſe ſkilful Touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd Heart, and charm'd
Tranſported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:
Nor Thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your Kind! Society divine!
Still viſit thus my Nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring Soul to Thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely Power! the Door be thine;
See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen Friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble Roof, with Senſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted Faith,
Unſtudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' Hill will POPE deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred Hour, to bid it ſmile,

And with the ſocial Spirit warm the Heart:
For tho not ſweeter his own HOMER ſings,
Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.

WHERE art Thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling Pride,
The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng!
Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime
Of vernal Genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay,
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our Hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble Thirſt of Fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent Breaſt? That treaſur'd Store
Of Knowledge, early gain'd? That eager Zeal
To ſerve thy Country, glowing in the Band
Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who ſuſtain her Name?
What now, alas! that Life-diffuſing Charm
Of ſprightly Wit? That Rapture for the Muſe,
That Heart of Friendſhip, and that Soul of Joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt Light thy Virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd, to check our fond Purſuits,
And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain!

THUS in ſome deep Retirement would I paſs,
The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of pliant Soul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the Theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs Frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the Void of Night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;

Its Life, its Laws, its Progreſs, and its End.
Hence larger Proſpects of the beauteous Whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds;
And each diffuſive Harmony unite,
In full Perfection, to th' aſtoniſh'd Eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd,
By WISDOM's fineſt Hand, and iſſuing all
In *general Good*. The ſage Hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us thro the Deeps of Time:
Shew us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcatter'd States; what makes the Nations ſmile,
Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns;
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt Skies,
In Nature's richeſt Lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That Portion of Divinity, that Ray
Of pureſt Heaven, which lights the public Soul
Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble Fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent Riſings of the kindling Soul;
Then, even ſuperior to Ambition, we
Would learn the private Virtues; how to glide
Thro Shades and Plains, along the ſmootheſt Stream
Of rural Life: or ſnatch'd away by Hope,
Thro the dim Spaces of Futurity,
With earneſt Eye anticipate thoſe Scenes

Of Happineſs, and Wonder; where the Mind,
In endleſs Growth and infinite Aſcent,
Riſes from State to State, and World to World.
But when with Theſe the ſerious Thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for Relief, would play the Shapes
Of frolic Fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid Pictures, that aſſembled Train
Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay Surprize;
Or Folly-painting *Humour*, grave himſelf,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every Nerve.

MEAN-TIME the Village rouzes up the Fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the Goblin-Story round;
Till ſuperſtitious Horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding Hall, they wake
The rural Gambol. Ruſtic Mirth goes round;
The ſimple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud Laugh, ſincere;
The Kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſidelong Maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending Sleep:
The Leap, the Slap, the Haul; and, ſhook to Notes
Of native Muſic, the reſpondent Dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night.

THE City ſwarms intenſe. The public Haunt,
Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Diſcourſe,

Hums

Hums indiſtinct. The Sons of Riot flow
Down the looſe Stream of falſe inchanted Joy,
To ſwift Deſtruction. On the rankled Soul
The gaming Fury falls; and in one Gulph
Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,
Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong ſink.
Up-ſprings the Dance along the lighted Dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering Court effuſes every Pomp;
The Circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy Robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes,
A ſoft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:
While, a gay Inſect in *his* Summer-ſhine,
The Fop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy Wings.

DREAD o'er the Scene, the Ghoſt of HAMLET ſtalks;
OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her Soul in Love.
Terror alarms the Breaſt; the comely Tear
Steels o'er the Cheek: or elſe the COMIC MUSE
Holds to the World a Picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial Laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes
Of beauteous Life; whate'er can deck Mankind,
Or charm the Heart, in generous * BEVIL ſhew'd.

O

* *A Character in the* CONSCIOUS LOVERS, *written by Sir* RICHARD STEELE.

O THOU, whoſe Wiſdom, ſolid yet refin'd,
Whoſe Patriot-Virtues, and conſummate Skill
To touch the finer Springs that move the World,
Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can beſtow,
And all *Apollo*'s animating Fire,
Give Thee, with pleaſing Dignity, to ſhine
At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy,
Of poliſh'd Life; permit the *Rural Muſe*,
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with Thee her Song!
Ere to the Shades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond Ambition. in thy Train,
(For every Muſe has in thy Train a Place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd Mind
To mark that Spirit, which, with *Britiſh Scorn*,
Rejects th' Allurements of corrupted Power;
That elegant Politeneſs, which excels,
Even in the Judgment of preſumptuous *France*,
The boaſted Manners of her ſhining Court;
That Wit, the vivid Energy of Senſe,
The Truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* Point,
And kind well-temper'd Satire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter Flame,
O let me hail thee on ſome glorious Day,
When to the liſtening Senate, ardent, croud
BRITANNIA's Sons to hear her pleaded Cauſe.
Then dreſt by Thee, more amiably fair,

Truth the ſoft Robe of mild Perſuaſion wears:
Thou to aſſenting Reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlighten'd Thoughts; call'd from the Heart,
Th' obedient Paſſions on thy Voice attend;
And even reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious Power: as thro the vary'd Maze
Of Eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood.

To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muſe:
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and thro the blue Serene,
For Sight too fine, th' etherial Nitre flies;
Killing infectious Damps, and the ſpent Air
Storing afreſh with elemental Life.
Cloſe crouds the ſhining Atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthen'd Bodies in its cold Embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our Blood;
Refines our Spirits, thro the new-ſtrung Nerves,
In ſwifter Sallies darting to the Brain;
Where ſits the Soul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the Skies, and as the Seaſon keen.
All Nature feels the renovating Force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs Eye
In Ruin ſeen. The Froſt-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable Soul,
And gathers Vigour for the coming Year.
A ſtronger Glow ſits on the lively Cheek

Of

Of ruddy Fire: and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow; their ſullen Deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing Froſt.

WHAT art thou, Froſt? and whence are thy keen Stores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading Power,
Whom even th' illuſive Fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent Energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro Water, Earth, and Ether? Hence at Eve,
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
With the fierce Rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy Gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the Pool
Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
Arreſts the bickering Stream. The looſen'd Ice,
Let down the Flood, and half diſſolv'd by Day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy Bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,
A cryſtal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from Shore to Shore,
The whole impriſon'd River growls below.
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects
A double Noiſe; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;
The Heifer lows; the diſtant Water-fall
Swells in the Breeze; and, with the haſty Tread

Of

Of Traveller, the hollow-ſounding Plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
Infinite Worlds diſcloſing to the View,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one Cope
Of ſtarry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.
From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls,
Thro the ſtill Night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping World,
Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various Labour of the ſilent Night:
Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Caſcade,
Whoſe idle Torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendant Icicle; the Froſt-Work fair,
Where tranſient Hues, and fancy'd Figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the Hill, the frozen Brook,
A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn;
The Foreſt bent beneath the plumy Wave;
And by the Froſt refin'd the whiter Snow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the Tread
Of early Shepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery Surface, ſwift deſcends.

On blithſome Frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
While every Work of Man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the River croud, in various Sport
And Revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,

Happieſt of all the Train! the raptur'd Boy
Laſhes the whirling Top. Or, where the *Rhine*
Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
From every Province ſwarming, void of Care,
Batavia ruſhes forth; and as they ſweep,
On ſounding Skates, a thouſand different Ways,
In circling Poiſe, ſwift as the Winds, along,
The *then gay* Land is madden'd all to Joy.
Nor leſs the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow,
Pour a new Pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel
The long-reſounding Courſe. Mean-time, to raiſe
The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
Fluſh'd by the Seaſon, *Scandinavia*'s Dames,
Or *Ruſſia*'s buxom Daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome Day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmoſt Noon;
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid Cliff.
His azure Gloſs the Mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents a while to the reflected Ray;
Or from the Foreſt falls the cluſter'd Snow,
Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the Sport of Thoſe, who with the Gun,
And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,

Worſe

Worſe than the Seaſon, deſolate the Fields;
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd Game.

But what is This? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his Grandeur, ſhould our Eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the *Frigid Zone*;
Where, for relentleſs Months, continual Night,
Holds o'er the glittering Waſte her ſtarry Reign.

There, thro the Priſon of unbounded Wilds,
Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Eſcape,
Wide-roams the *Ruſſian* Exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad Eye, but Deſarts loſt in Snow;
And heavy-loaded Groves; and ſolid Floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary Vaſt,
Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main;
And chearleſs Towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual Courſe the Caravan
Bends to the golden Coaſt of rich * *Cathay*,
With News of Human-kind. Yet there Life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining Waſte,
The furry Nations harbour: tipt with Jet,
Fair Ermines, ſpotleſs as the Snows they preſs;
Sables, of gloſſy Black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled Hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly Pride of Courts.

There,

* *The old Name for* China.

There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping Deer
Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, ſcarce his Head
Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white Abyſs.
The ruthleſs Hunter wants nor Dogs nor Toils,
Nor with the Dread of ſounding Bows he divies
The fearful flying Race; with ponderous Clubs,
As weak againſt the Mountain-Heaps they puſh
Their beating Breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd Snows,
And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro the piny Foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough Tenant of theſe Shades, the ſhapeleſs Bear,
With dangling Ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the Storms increaſe,
He makes his Bed beneath th' inclement Drift,
And, with ſtern Patience, ſcorning weak Complaint,
Hardens his Heart againſt aſſailing Want.

WIDE o'er the ſpacious Regions of the North,
That ſee *Boötes* urge his tardy Wain,
A boiſterous Race, by frofty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little Pleaſure know and fear no Pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the Flame
Of loſt Mankind in poliſh'd Slavery ſunk,
Drove martial † Horde on Horde, with dreadful Sweep
Reſiſtleſs

* *The North-Weſt Wind.*
† *The wandering* Scythian-Clans.

Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquiſh'd World another Form.
Not ſuch the Sons of *Lapland*: wiſely They
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous Trade of War;
They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives,
They love their Mountains and enjoy their Storms.
No falſe Deſires, no Pride-created Wants,
Diſturb the peaceful Current of their Time;
And thro the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd Maze
Of Pleaſure, or Ambition, bid it rage.
Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. Theſe their Tents,
Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth
Supply, their wholeſome Fare, and chearful Cups.
Obſequious at their Call, the docile Tribe
Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanſe
Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can ſweep
With a blue Cruſt of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing Meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens,
And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
With doubled Luſtre from the radiant Waſte,
Even in the Depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous Day: enough to light the Chace,
Or guide their daring Steps to *Finland*-Fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, juſt verging up at firſt,

By ſmall Degrees extends the ſwelling Curve;
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing Months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral Courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the Sky.
In that glad Seaſon, from the Lakes and Floods,
Where pure * *Niemi*'s fairy Mountains riſe,
And fring'd with Roſes † *Tenglio* rolls his Stream,
They draw the copious Fry. With Theſe, at Eve,
They chearful-loaded to their Tents repair;
Where, all Day long in uſeful Cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd Wives the Fire prepare.
Thrice happy Race! by Poverty ſecur'd
From legal Plunder and rapacious Power:
In whom fell Intereſt never yet has ſown
The Seeds of Vice; whoſe ſpotleſs Swains ne'er knew
Injurious

* M. de Maupertuis, *in his Book on* the Figure of the Earth, *after having deſcribed the beautiful Lake and Mountain of* Niemi *in* Lapland, *ſays*—" *From this Height* " *we had Occaſion ſeveral times to ſee thoſe Vapours riſe* " *from the Lake which the People of the Country call* Hal- " tios, *and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of* " *the Mountains. We had been frighted with Stories of* " *Bears that haunted this Place, but ſaw none. It ſeem'd* " *rather a Place of Reſort for* Fairies *and* Genii *than* " *Bears.*"

† *The ſame Author obſerves*—" *I was ſurprized to ſee* " *upon the Banks of this River,* (*the* Tenglio) *Roſes of as* " *lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens.*"

Injurious Deed, nor, blasted by the Breath
Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornêa*'s Lake,
And *Hecla* flaming thro a Waste of Snow,
And fartheſt *Greenland*, to the Pole itself,
Where failing gradual Life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary Flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,
Beholds new Seas beneath * another Sky.
Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing Court;
And thro his airy Hall the loud Misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath;
Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost;
Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows,
With which he now oppresses half the Globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar*'s Coast,
She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main;
Where undissolving, from the First of Time,
Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky;
And icy Mountains high on Mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the Surge,

* *The other Hemisphere.*

Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the Deep, and ſhake the ſolid Pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding Fury; but, in all its Rage
Of Tempeſt taken by the boundleſs Froſt,
Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak Expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, chearleſs, and void
Of every Life, that from the dreary Months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,
Take their laſt Look of the deſcending Sun;
While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Froſt,
The long long Night, incumbent o'er their Heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's Fate,
As with *firſt* Prow, (What have not BRITONS dar'd!)
He for the Paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal Bars.
In theſe fell Regions, in *Arzina* caught,
And to the ſtony Deep his idle Ship
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs Crew,
Each full exerted at his ſeveral Taſk,
Froze into Statues; to the Cordage glued
The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm.

HARD

* *Sir* HUGH WILLOUGHBY, *ſent by* QUEEN ELIZABETH *to diſcover the North-Eaſt Paſſage.*

HARD by these Shores, where scarce his freezing Stream
Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the Last of Men;
And, half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants,
Here Human Nature wears its rudest Form.
Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,
Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous Chear,
They waste the tedious Gloom. Immers'd in Furs,
Doze the gross Race. Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song,
Nor Tenderness they know; nor aught of Life,
Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without.
Till Morn at length, her Roses drooping all,
Sheds a long Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,
And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace.

WHAT cannot active Government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these Shores,
A People savage from remotest Time,
A huge neglected Empire ONE VAST MIND,
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd.
Immortal PETER! First of Monarchs! He
His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,
Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons;
And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
To more exalted Soul he raised the *Man*.
Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro long successive Ages to build up

A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once
The Wonder done! behold the matchleſs Prince!
Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty Shadow of unreal Power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful Pomp of Courts;
And roaming every Land, in every Port,
His Scepter laid aſide, with glorious Hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool,
Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of uſeful Arts,
Of Civil Wiſdom, and of Martial Skill.
Charg'd with the Stores of *Europe* home he goes!
Then Cities riſe amid th' illumin'd Waſte;
O'er joyleſs Deſarts ſmiles the rural Reign;
Far-diſtant Flood to Flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd
With daring Keel before; and Armies ſtretch
Each Way their dazzling Files, repreſſing here
The frantic *Alexander* of the North,
And awing there ſtern *Othman*'s ſhrinking Sons.
Sloth flies the Land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
Of old Diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the Whole,
One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of riſing Trade:
For what his Wiſdom plann'd, and Power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great *Example* ſhew'd.

MUTTERING,

MUTTERING, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the South. Subdu'd,
The Froſt reſolves into a trickling Thaw.
Spotted the Mountains ſhine; looſe Sleet deſcends,
And floods the Country round. The Rivers ſwell,
Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed Torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding Plain
Is left one ſlimy Waſte. Thoſe ſullen Seas,
That waſh th' ungenial Pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;
But, rouſing all their Waves, reſiſtleſs heave—
And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted Deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand Mountains to the Clouds.
Ill fares the Bark with trembling Wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating Fragments, moors
Beneath the Shelter of an icy Iſle,
While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks
More horrible. Can human Force endure
Th' aſſembled Miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Wearineſs,
The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Cruſh of Ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder Rage,
And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main.
More to embroil the Deep, Levjathan

And his unwieldy Train, in dreadful Sport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd Brine, while thro the Gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhoſpitable Shore,
Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl
Of famiſh'd Monſters, there awaiting Wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking Eye*,
Looks down with Pity on the feeble Toil
Of Mortals loſt to Hope, and lights them ſafe,
Thro all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done!—Dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt Glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate Domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd Life; paſs ſome few Years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into Age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the Scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe Dreams of Greatneſs? thoſe unſolid Hopes
Of Happineſs? thoſe Longings after Fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs Cares? thoſe buſy buſtling Days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive Nights? thoſe veering Thoughts,
Loſt between Good and Ill, that ſhar'd thy Life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man,
His Guide to Happineſs on high.—And ſee!

'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the ſecond Birth
Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating Word*, and ſtarts to Life,
In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death
For ever free. *The great eternal Scheme*
Involving All, and in a *perfect Whole*
Uniting, as the Proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's Eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind Preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the Duſt, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the Cauſe,
Why unaſſuming Worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's Share
In Life was Gall and Bitterneſs of Soul:
Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
In ſtarving Solitude; while Luxury,
In Palaces, lay ſtraining her low Thought,
To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks
Of Superſtition's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel Spoiler, that emboſom'd Foe,
Imbitter'd all our Bliſs. Ye good Diſtreſt!
Ye noble Few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath Life's Preſſure, yet bear up a While,
And what your bounded View, which only ſaw
A little Part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:
The Storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle All.

THE END.

A

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling Year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY Beauty walks, THY Tenderness and Love.
Wide-flush the Fields; the softening Air is Balm;
Echo the Mountains round; the Forest smiles;
And every Sense, and every Heart is Joy.
Then comes THY Glory in the Summer-Months,
With Light and Heat refulgent. Then THY Sun
Shoots full Perfection thro the swelling Year:
And oft THY Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks;
And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales.
THY Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common Feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with Clouds and Storms
Around THEE thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,

Majestic

Majeſtic Darkneſs! on the Whirlwind's Wing,
Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the World adore,
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern Blaſt.

MYSTERIOUS Round! what Skill, what Force divine,
Deep-felt, in Theſe appear! a ſimple Train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind Art,
Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into Shade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious Whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious Gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent Spheres;
Works in the ſecret Deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, Thence
The fair Profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
Feeds every Creature; hurls the Tempeſt forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves,
With Tranſport touches all the Springs of Life.

NATURE, attend! join every living Soul,
Beneath the ſpacious Temple of the Sky,
In Adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general Song! To HIM, ye vocal Gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe SPIRIT in your Freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of HIM in ſolitary Glooms!
Where, o'er the Rock, the ſcarcely-waving Pine

Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
And ye, Whoſe bolder Note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd World, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous Song, and ſay from whom you rage.
His Praiſe, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter Floods, that lead the humid Maze
Along the Vale; and thou, majeſtic Main,
A ſecret World of Wonders in thyſelf,
Sound HIS ſtupendous Praiſe; whoſe greater Voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall.
Soft-roll your Incenſe, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
In mingled Clouds to HIM; whoſe Sun exalts,
Whoſe Breath perfumes you, and whoſe Pencil paints.
Ye Foreſts bend, ye Harveſts wave, to HIM;
Breathe your ſtill Song into the Reaper's Heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt Beams,
Ye Conſtellations, while your Angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled Sky, the ſilver Lyre.
Great Source of Day! beſt Image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
On Nature write with every Beam HIS Praiſe.
The Thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate World;
While Cloud to Cloud returns the ſolemn Hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye Hills; ye mossy Rocks,
Retain the Sound: the broad responsive Low,
Ye Valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands all, awake: a boundless Song
Burst from the Groves; and when the restless Day,
Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
Sweetest of Birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening Shades, and teach the Night HIS Praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles;
At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn! in swarming Cities vast,
Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn Pauses, thro the swelling Base;
And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
And find a Fane in every sacred Grove;
There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray
Russets the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening East;
Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat!

SHOULD

SHOULD Fate command me to the fartheſt Verge
Of the green Earth, to diſtant barbarous Climes,
Rivers unknown to Song; where firſt the Sun
Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his ſetting Beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* Iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void Waſte as in the City full;
And where HE vital ſpreads there muſt be Joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn Hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic Flight to future Worlds,
I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers,
Will riſing Wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,
From *ſeeming Evil* ſtill educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* ſtill,
In infinite Progreſſion.——But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe HIS Praiſe.

THE END.

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